

# A KING

AND

# NO KING.

Acted at the Black-Fryers, by his  
MAJESTIES Servants.

And now the fifth time Printed, according  
To the true Copie.

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT } Gent.  
{ JOHN FLETCHER } 1750

**The STATINOR to  
DRAMATOPHILUS.**

*A Play and no Play, who this Book shall read,  
Will judge, and weep, as if 'twere done indeed*



**LONDON.**

Printed for *William Leak*, and are to be sold  
at his shop at the signe of the *Crown* in *Fleet-*  
*street*, between the two temple Gates. 1655.

## The Personated Persons.

*Arbaces*, King of Iberia.

*Tigranes*, King of Armenia.

*Gobrias*, Lord Protector, and Father of *Arbaces*.

*Bacurins*, another Lord.

*Mardonius*, } Two Captaines.

*Bessus*

*Ligoces*, Father of *Spaconia*.

Two Gentlemen

Three Men and a Woman.

*Phillip*, a servant, and two Citizens wives.

A messenger.

A servant to *Bacurins*.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

*Arane*.

} The Queenes Mother.

*Panthea*.

} Her daughter.

*Spaconia*, } A Lady daughter of *Ligoces*.

*Mindane* } A waiting woman, and other attendants.

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*Enter Mardonius and Bessus, two Captaines. Mardonius.*



*Bessus*, the King has made a faire hand on't, he has ended the wars at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

*Mar.* Faith *Bessus*, such Commanders as thou say, I had as live let thee Perdue for a pudding it's darke, as *Alexander* the great. *Bes.* I love these jests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I thinke thou lov'st 'em better then quarrelling *Bessus*, ile say so much in thy behalfe, and yet thou 'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I thinke thou wouldst kill any man that stopp thee if thou couldst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combat *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Why didst thou see it? *Bes.* You stood w<sup>th</sup> me,

*Mar.* I did so, but me thought thou winkst every blow they strooke.

*Bes.* Well, I belve there are better souldiers then I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth I thinke so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse then thou have seen as much.

*Bes.* 'Twas bravely done of our King.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the warres: I'me glad thou dar'st talke of such dangerous busineses.

*Bes.* To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Country in single combat.

*Mar.* See how thy blood curdles at this, I thinke thou couldst be contented to be beaten in this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly?

*Mar.* I.

*Bes.* I could willingly venture for't.

*Mar.*

*Mar.*

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*Mar.* Um, no venter neither *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Let mee not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service then that I'me so fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

*Bes.* Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'me eene heartily glad on't; I have beene with thee ere since thou camst to th'warres, and this the first word that ever I heard on't, prethee who sames thee.

*Bes.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of'em in my conscience thou deserv'st it not. *Bes.* Yes, I ha'don good service.

*Mar.* I do not know how thou mayst waite of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of shifting of a trencher, but otherwise no service good *Bessus*. *Bes.* You saw me doe the service your self.

*Mar.* Not so hasty-sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd

*Bes.* At *Bessus* despr'ate redemption.

*Mar.* At *Bessus* despr'ate redemption, whert's that?

*Bes.* Therre where I redeem'd the day the place bears my name.

*Mar.* Pray thee, who Christined it? *Bes.* The Souldiers.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merily dispos'd man what would become of thee: one that had but a graine of choller in the whole compassion of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beate thee there i'th head, a'th troopes with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run a way with thy company, when we should charge the enemy. *Bes.* True, but I did not runne.

*Mar.* Right *Bessus*, I beate thee out on't.

*Bes.* But came I not up when the day was gon, and redeem'd all?

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so doe I, thou meanst to flie, and thy feare making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as ile doe thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I thinke, wee owe thy feare for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake alwaies and runne away upon th'enemy, thou shouldst be Generall by this light. *Bes.* Youle never leave this till I fall soule.

*Mar.* No more such words deare *Bessus*, for though I have ever knowne thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedst, I will allow thee valiant, and beate thee.

*Bes.*



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*Bes.* Come, our King's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vaine-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and metry and dull, and joyfull and sorrowfull in extremity in an houre: Doe not thinke me thy friend for this, for if I carde who knew it thou shouldst not hear it *Bessus*, Here he is with his prey in his foot

*Enter Sc. Senes & lurshe.*

*Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, two Kings and two Gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadnesse brave *Tigranes* takes away  
From my full victory, am I become  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
When I orecome him? They that plac'd me here,  
Intended it an honour large enough,  
For the most valiant living, but to dare Oppos me single though he  
Lost the day, What should afflict you, you are free as I,  
To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
Then you were formerly, and never thinke  
The man I held worthy to combate me  
Shall be us'd servily: Thy ransome is  
To take my onely sister to thy wife,  
A heaue one *Tigranes*, for she is  
A Lady, that the neighbour Princes send  
Blacks to fetch home, I have beene too unkind  
To her *Tigranes*, she but nine yeeres old  
I left her, and nere saw her since, your Warres  
Have held me long, and taught me though a youth,  
The way to victory, she was a pretty child,  
Then I was little better, but now fame  
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
Make me belive she is a miracle,  
Shee'l make you shrink, as I did with a stroke,  
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus?  
Had Fortune chrown my name above *Arbaces*,  
I should not thus have talk'd of in *Armenia*,  
We hold it base, you should have kept your temper  
Till you saw home againe, where'tis the fashion

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Perhaps to bragge.

*Arb.* Be you my witness earth, need I to bragge,  
Doubt not this captive Prince speake  
Me sufficiently, and all the acts  
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land;  
Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground  
Within his whole Realme, that I have not pass,  
Fighting and conquering; Fare then from me  
Be ostentation, I could tell the world  
How I have laid his Kingdome desolate  
By this sole Arme prop'd by divinity,  
Stript him out of his glories, and have sent  
The pride of all his youth to people graves,  
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves,  
If I would brag, should I that have the power  
To teach the Neighbour world humility  
Mixe with vaine-glory:

*Mar.* Indeed this is none.

*Arb. Tyrants.* Nay did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others doe, on words,  
I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you doe.

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
That thinks me apt to boast after any act  
Fit for a good to doe upon his fee,  
A little glory in a souldiers mouth  
Is well-becoming, be it fare from vaine.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunke.

*Arb.* I offer you my sister, and you answer  
I doe insult, a Lady that no suite  
Nor treasure, nor thy Crowne could purchase thee,  
But that thou fought'st with me.

*Tyr.* Though this be worse

Then that you spake before, it strikes me not;  
But that you thinke so over grace me with  
The marriage of your sister, troubles me,  
I would give worlds for sanctimes were they mine,  
Rather then have her.

*Arb.* See if I insult  
That am the Conquerour, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,

Which

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Which he refuses, and I bare his scorn:  
It cannot be selfe-flattery to say,  
The daughters of your Country set by her,  
Would see their shame, runne home and blush to death,  
At their owne foulness; yet she is not faire,  
Nor beautifull, those words expresse her not;  
They say her lookes have something excellent,  
That wants a name: yet were she odious,  
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,  
Sister to such a brother, that hath tane  
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,  
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,  
She durst not leave him; Nature did her wrong,  
To Print continuall conquest on her cheekes,  
And make no man worthy for her to taste  
But mee that am to neere her, and as strangely  
Shee did for me, but you will thinke I bragge.

*May.* I doe ile belworne. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd,  
would have made two excellent fellows in their hands: I know  
not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate,  
would one of um were away.

*Tyr.* Doe I refuse her that I doubt her worth,  
Were she as vertuous as she would be thought,  
So perfect that no one of her owne sex  
Could find a want, had shee so tempting faire,  
That she could wish it off for damning foules,  
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives  
Rather then meet her married in my bed,  
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt  
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me,  
I am not fickle. *Alc.* Is that all the cause?  
Think you, you can so knit your selfe in love  
To any other, that her searching sight  
Cannot dissolve it? So before you tride  
You thought your selfe a match for me in fight,  
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can doe as much  
In peace, as I in warre, shee'll conquer too,  
You shall see if you have the power to stand

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The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,  
Ile send you home with love and name your ransom  
Some other way, but if she be your choice,  
Shee frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

*Tigr.* Sir, I have learn'd a prisoners sufferance,  
And will obey, but give me leave to talke  
In private with some friends, before I goe.

*Arb.* Some to awaite him forth, and see him safe,  
But let him freely send for whom he please,  
And none dare to disturbe his conference,  
I will not have him know what bondage is.

*Exit Tigranes.*

Till he be free from me, This Prince, *Mardanius*,  
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces  
Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him,  
*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him and could have don't

Hadest thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Armes  
Be great; Must all men that are vertuous  
Thinke suddenly to match themselves with me,  
I conquer'd him and bravely, did I not?

*Bef.* And please your Majestie, I was afraid at first.

*Mar.* When wert thou other?

*Arb.* Of what?

*Bef.* That you would not have spy'd your best advantages,  
for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, me thinks, under  
favour, you should have layne thus.

*Mar.* Like a Taylor at a wake.

*Bef.* And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one  
time, by my troth I wisht my selfe w<sup>th</sup> you.

*Mar.* By my troth thou wouldst ha' stuncke 'em both our d<sup>th</sup>  
Lifts.

*Arb.* What to doe?

*Bef.* To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you lay  
thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your leg, which you by  
doing thus avoyded; but if you had whip'd up your leg thus,  
and reach'd him on the eare, you had made the Blood-royall  
runne downe his head.

*Mar.* What Countrey Fence-schoole learn'd that at?

*Arb.* Pish, did not I take him nobly?

*Mar.* Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

*Arb.* Talke enough.

Will

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Will you confine my words, by heaven and earth;  
I were much better be a King of beasts  
Then such a people: if I had not patience  
Above a god, I should be cal'd a Tyrant  
Throughout the world. They will offend to death  
Each minute; Let me heare thee speake againe  
And thou art earth againe: why this is like  
*Tygranes* speech that needs would say I brag'd  
*Bessus* he said I brag'd. *Bes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh?

By all the world, I'me growne ridiculous  
To my owne Subjects; Tie me in a chaire  
And jest at me, but I shall make a start,  
And punish some, that other may take heed  
How they are haughty; who will answer me?  
He said I boasted, speake *Mardanius*,  
Did I? He will not answer, O my temper!  
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart  
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none  
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grone  
To such a poore respect, or doe you meane  
To breake my wind? Speake, speake, some one of you,  
Or else by heaven, *1 Gem.* So please your.

*Arb.* Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,  
As if I were too sawcy, I will live  
In woods, and talke to trees, they will allow me  
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject  
Can find a freedom to discharge his folly  
And not I, now it is a time to speake,  
I hearken. *1 Gem.* May it please. *Arb.* I meane not you,

Did not I stop you once? but I am growne  
To barks, but I dese, let another speake.

*2 Gem.* I hope your Majesty.

*Arb.* Thou drawest thy words,

That I must waite an houre, where other men  
Can heare in instant, throw your words away,  
Quickie, and to purpose, I have told you this.

*Bes.* And please your Majesty.

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*Arb.* Wilt thou devoure me? this is such a rudenesse  
As you never shewd me, and I want  
Power to command too, else *Mardonius*,  
Would speake at my request; were you my King,  
I would have answered at your word *Mardonius*,  
I pray you speake, and truly, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me,  
When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,  
With that sole armie propt by Divinity:  
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,  
That daily ventured lives?

*Arb.* O that thy name  
Were as great, as mine, would I had paid my wealth,  
It were as great, as I might combate thee,  
I would through all the Regions habitable  
Search thee, and having found thee, with my Sword  
Drive thee about the world, till I had met  
Some place that yet mans curiosity  
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead;  
Forgotten of Mankind, such funerall rites  
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

*Bes.* The King rages extreemely, shall we flinke away? *Arb.*  
Hee'l strike us. *2 Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know 'twas this sole armie  
I grant you were my instruments, and did  
As I commanded you, but 'twas this armie,  
Mev'd you like wheeles, if mov'd you as I pleas'd,  
Whither slip you now? what are you too good  
To waite on me? I had need have temper  
That rules such people, I have nothing left  
At my owne choyce, I would I might be private,  
Meane men enjoy themselves, but tis our curse,  
To have a tumult that out of their loves  
Will waite on us, whether we will or no,  
Goe get you gone, Why here they stand like death,  
My words moves nothing.

*1 Gent.* Shall we goe?  
• yf the King should see this

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*Ref.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you leave me first, I me proud of this.  
That you will be intreated from my light:  
Why now they leave me all: *Mardonius.*

*Mar.* Sir. *Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? me thinks  
Civility should teach you more then this.  
If I were but your friend: Stay here and waile.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speak? *Arb.* Why, you would now think much  
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat  
What I would have: doe, speake.

*Mar.* But will you heare me out?

*Arb.* With me you aske to talke thus: well,  
I will heare you out.

*Mar.* Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for  
me, that I doe, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one to  
my witnesse, and were you not my King, from amongst men, I  
should have chose you out to love above the rest: nor can this  
challenge thanks: for my owne sake I should have done, because  
I would have lov'd the most deserving man, for so you are.

*Arb.* Alas *Mardonius*, rise you shall not kneele,  
We all are souldiers, and all venter lives;  
And where there is no differance in mens worth,  
Titles are jeasts, who can out valew thee?

*Mardonius* thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong,  
Thy love is nor rewarded, but believe  
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,  
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

*Mar.* Sir, you did promise you would heare me out.

*Arb.* And so I will; speake freely, for from thee  
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualides  
that doe Eclipse your vertues. *Arb.* Eclipse my vertues.

*Mar.* Yes your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear  
even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth, but  
when I speake your faults, you make a start and fle the hearing  
bus. *Arb.* When you commend me? O that I should live  
To need such commendations: If my deeds  
Blew not my praise themselves about the earch.



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I were most wretched : spare your idle praise:  
If thou didst meane to flatter, and shouldst utter  
Words in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence,  
My deeds should make 'm modest: when you praise I hug you? 'tis  
Sofalse, that wert thou worthy Thou shouldst receive a death, a  
Glorious death From me: but thou shalt understand thy lies, for  
Shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there leave me inthron'd  
I would despise thee though as much as now, which is as much as  
Dust because I see thy envie.

*Mar.* How ever you will use me after, yet for your own promise  
fake, heare me the rest. *Arb.* I will, and after call unto the winds,  
For they shall lend as large an eare as I to what you utter: speake.

*Mar.* Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not  
say take from you all your worth, but darken 'm, then you will  
Shine indeed. *Arb.* Well. *Mar.* Yet I would have you keepe  
Some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your vertues are  
Such. *Arb.* Why now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood  
the word, were you no King, and free from these moods, should I  
choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for  
honesty to enterchange my bosome with, it should be you; or  
wisdom to give me counsell, I would picke out you; or valour  
to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are  
fit to fight for all the world: if it could come in question: Now I  
have spoke, consider to your selfe, find out a use; if so, then what  
shall fall to me is not materiall. *Arb.* Is not materiall; more then  
ten such lives, as mine *Mardonius*: it was nobly said,

Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth as might offend  
another, I have been too passionate and idle, thou shalt see A swift  
Amendment, but I want those parts you praise me for: I fight for  
All the world? Give me a sword, and thou wilt goe as farre Be-  
yond me, as thou art beyond in yeares, I know thou dar'st and  
Wilt; it troubles me that I should use so rough a phrase to thee,  
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, so thou wilt pardon me,  
that thou and I should differ thus. *Mar.* Why 'tis no matter sir:

*Arb.* Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take all things I do, thus  
Patiently, for which I never can requite thee, but with love, and  
That thou shalt be sure of. Thou & I have not been merry lately;  
pray thee tell me where hadst thou that same jewell in thine eare?

*Mar.*



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*Mar.* Why at the taking of a towne.

*Arb.* A Wench upon my life, a wench *Mardonius* gave thee that jewell. *Mar.* Wench, they respect not me, I'me old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer, I those busineses I may sweare I am truly honest: for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty. *Arb.* Why do the wenches entreach upon thee? *Mar.* I by this light doe They. *Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em? *Mar.* Yes falth.

*Arb.* And doe they improve themselves? *Mar.* I ten shillings to Me, every new yong fellow they come acquainted with. *Arb.* How canst live on't? *Mar.* Why I thinke I must petition to you:

*Arb.* Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.*

*Mar.* Your price? *Arb.* I at the Kings price. *Mar.* That may be More then I'me worth. *2 Gent.* Is he not merry now? *1 Gent.* I think not. *Bes.* He is, he is, we'll shew our selves. *Arb.* *Bessus*, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I bad you haste; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me. *Bes.* And please your Majesty I have a sute. *Arb.* Is't not *lowrie Bessus*, what is t? *Bes.* I am to carry a Lady with me. *Arb.* Then thou hast to futes. *Bes.* And if I can preferre her to the Lady *Pemba* your Majesties sister, to learne fashions, as her *Merds* tearm it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights lodgings as tis thither, wilt not? *Bes.* I know not that sir, but gold I shall be sure of. *Arb.* Why thou shalt bid her entertaine her from me so thou wilt resolve me one thing. *Bes.* If I can. *Arb.* Faith tis a very desputable question, and yet I think thou canst decide it. *Bes.* Your Majesty has a good an opinion of my understanding. *Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: tis whether thou be valiant. *Bes.* Some body has traduced me to you: do you see this sword sir. *Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I do not make my back biters eat it to a knife within this weeke, say I am not valiant. *Enter a messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your Majesty. *Arb.* From *Gobrias*. *Mes.* Yes sir.

*Arb.* How does he, is he well? *Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* take that for thy good newes. A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not, Then is good *Gobrias*. *1 Gent.* The King harts back

*Mar.* His blood goes back as fast. *2 Gent.* And now it comes againe. *Mer.* He alters strangely. *Arb.* The hand of heaven is on

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Me, be it far from me to struggle, if my secret sinnes have paid this  
Curse upon me, lend me teares I now to wash me whiter, that I  
may feele a child-like innocency within my breast, which once  
Perform'd O give me leave to stand as fix'd as constancy herselfe  
my eyes See her unmoved, regardless of the World though thou-  
sand miseries incompass me. *Me.* This is strange, fir, how do  
You? *Ans.* Madam, my mother, *Me.* Is she dead?  
*Ans.* Alas! shee not so happy, thou dost know  
How she hath labour'd since my Father died to take, by treason  
Hence this loathed life, that would but be to serve her, I have  
Pardoned, and pardon'd, and by that have made her fit to practise  
New sinnes, not repeat the old. She now had bid a slave to come  
From thence, and strike me here, whom *Gabriel* sitting out, tooke  
And condemn'd and executed there, the careful servant: heaven  
Let me but live to pay that man: Nature is poore to me, that will  
Not let me have as many deaths as are the times that he hath sayd  
my life, that I might dye eternall for him  
*Me.* Sit let her beare her sin on her owne head,  
Vex not yourselfe. *Ans.* What will the World  
Conceive of me? with what unnaturall sinnes  
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life  
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?  
But yet he writes me comfort here, my sister,  
He saies is, growne in beauty and in grace.  
In all the innocent vertues that come  
A tender spotlesse maid: she staines her cheekes  
With morning teares to purge her mothers ill,  
And mongst that sacred dew she mingles Prayers,  
Her pure Oblations for my safe returne:  
If I have lost the duty of a sonne,  
If any pompe or vanity of state  
Made me forget my naturall offices,  
Nay farther, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,  
It ought unto my parent they have erd,  
And cald em back: do you direct her arme  
Unto this foule dissembling heart of mine:  
But if I have been just to her, send out.

Your

power to compell me, and hold me late  
From searching treason; I will use no means  
But prayer; for rather suffer me to live  
From mine owne veins than a deadly blood,  
Then wash my danger off with mothers blood.

Mar. I nere such fodaine extremities.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Wh<sup>y</sup> wilt thou have me the Spaconia,  
What should I doe? Spa. Nay let me stay alone,  
And when y<sup>e</sup> see Armenia againe,  
You shall behold a Tombe more worth than I,  
Some friend that ever lov'd me of my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me

From other women, many weeping off. He will lay on, and  
Much lament those maides, that place their loves unfortunately  
high, as I have done, where they can never reach. But why should  
You go to Iberia? Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt aske me, aske the  
Man that rages in a feaver why he lies Distemperd there, when  
All the other youth are coursing ore the Meadows with their  
Loves? Can I resist it? am I not a slave to him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee Tigranes, he has won but half of thee  
thy body, but thy mind may be as free as his, his will did never  
Combat thine, and take it prisoner. Tigr. But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me to thee to be unwilling.

Spa. O Tigranes, I know you are to see a Lady there, to see, and  
Like I feare; perhaps the hope of her makes you forget me, ere we  
Part, be happier then you know to wish; farewell.

Tigr. Spaconia, stay and here mee what I say, In short, destruction  
Meete me that I may see it, and not avoid it, when I leave to be  
Thy faithfull Lover: part with me thou shalt not, there are none  
That know our love, and I have given gold unto a Captaine that  
Goes unto Iberia from the King, that he will place a Lady of our  
Land with the Kings sister that is offered me.

Thither shall you; and being once got in perswade her by what  
subtile meanes you can to be as backward in her love as I. Spa.  
Can you imagine that alonging maid when she beholds you, can  
Be pull'd away with words from loving you? Tigr. Dispraisie  
My health, my honesty, and tell her I am jealous. Spa. Why, I

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Had rather loose you; can my heart consent to let my tongue throw out such words, and I that ever yet spoke what I thought, Shall find it such a thing at first to lie? *Tigr.* Yet doe thy best.

*Bef.* What, is your Majestie ready? *Enter Bessus.* *Tigr.* There is the Lady, Captaine. *Bef.* Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my selfe more full of Courtship for your faire sake. *Spa.* Sir I shall feele no want of that. *Bef.* Lady, you must haste, I have received new letters from the king that requires more haste then I expected, he will follow me sodainly himselfe, and begins to call for your Majestie already. *Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bef.* Sweet Lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter? *Spa.* I will not take upon me to governe your tongue sir, you shall call me what you please.

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacchus, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, Waiting-women with attendants.*

*Gob.* **M**Y Lord *Bacchus*, you must have regard unto the Queene, she is your prisoner, Tis at your perill if She make escape. *Bac.* My Lord, I know't, she is my prisoner From you committed; yet she is a woman, and so I keepe her safe, you will not urge me to keepe her close, I shall not shame to say I sorrow for her. *Gob.* So doe I my Lord; I sorrow for her, That so little grace doth governe her: that she should stretch her arme against her King, so little woman-hood and naturall goodnesse, as to think the death of her owne sonne. *Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

*Gob.* There is a Lady takes not after you, her father is within Her, that good man Whose teares waighd downe his sins, marke How she weeps, how well it does become her, and if you can find no disposition in your selfe to sorrow, yet by gracefullnesse in her Find out the way and by your reason weepe: all this she does for you, and more she needs When for your self you will not loose A teare, thinke how this want of griefe discredit you and you Will weepe, because you cannot weepe. *Arr.* You talke to me as having got a time fit for your Purpose; but you know I know You speake not what you thinke. *Pan.* I would my heart Were Stone, before my softnesse should be urg'd against my mother, a  
more

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more troubled thought no Virgin beares about ; should I excuse, My mothers fault I should set light a life in loosing which, a brother & a King were taken from me, if I seeke to save that life so lov'd, I loose another life that gave me being, I shall loose a mother, a word of such a sound in a childs eares, that it strikes reverence through it ; may the will of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall, take a poore Virgins life to answere all.

*Ara.* But *Gobrias* let us talke, you know this fault is not in me as in another mother. *Gob.* I know it is not. *Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your helpe ? *Ara.* I know it is. *Gob.* Nay should you publish it before the world, thinke you t'wood be beleev'd ? *Arb.* I know it would not.

*Gob.* Nay should I joyne with you, should we not both be torne And yet both die uncredited ? *Ara.* I thinke we should. *Gob.* Why Then take you such violent courses ? as for me I do but right in Saving of the King from all your plots. *Ara.* The King ?

*Gob.* I had you rest with patience, and a time would come for me To reconcile all to your owne content, but by this way you take Away my power, and what was done unknowne, was not by me But you : your urging being done I must preserve my owne, but Time may bring all this to light, and happily for all. *Ara.* Accursed be this over curious braine that gave that plot a birth, Accurst this wombe that after did conceive to my disgrace. *Bac.* My Lord Protector, they say there are divers letters come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and brought againe A day, by his perticular valour, receiv'd you any to thae effect ?

*Gob.* Yes, 'tis most certaine. *Bac.* I'm sorry for't, not that the Day was won, but that 'twas wonne by him : wee held him here a Coward, a did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did All the world, for nor I, nor any other held him worth my sword

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my Lord Protector ; from the King these letters And to your grace Madam, these. *Gob.* How does his Majestie ?

*Bes.* As well as conquest by his owne means and his valiant Commanders can make him ; your letters will tell you all. *Pan.* I will not open mine, till I doe know my brothers health, good Captaine is he well ? *Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that ? is he hurt ? *Bes.* He's a strange souldier

That

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That gets not a knocke. *Pan.* I doe not aske how strange that Souldier is that gets no hurt, but whether he have one. *Bes.* He had divers. *Pan.* And is he well againe? *Bes.* Well againe. An't please your Grace, why I was runne twice through the body, and shot i'th head with a crosse arrow, and yet am well againe.

*Pan.* I do not care how thou do'st, is he well? *Bes.* Not care How I doe? let a man out of the mightinesse of his spirit, tructhlie Forreine countries with his blood for the good of his owne, and Thus he shall be answered: Why I may live to relive with speare and thield, such a Lady as you distressed. *Pan.* Why, I will care I'm glad that thou art well, I prethee is he so? *Gob.* The King is well, and will be here to morrow. *Pan.* My prayer is heard; Now will I open mine. *Gob.* *Bacurias*, I must case you of your Charge: Madam, the wonted mercie of the king, that overtakes Your faults, has met with this, and strooke it out, he has forgiven You freely, your owne will is your Law, be where you please.

*Ara.* I thanke him. *Gob.* You will be ready to wait upon his Majestie to morrow. *Ara.* I will. *Exit Ara.*

*Bac.* Madam be wise hereafter: I am glad I have lost this office.

*Gob.* Good Captaine *Bessus*, tell us the discourse betwixt *Tigranes* and our King, and how we got the victory. *Pan.* I prethee Doe, and if my brother were in any danger, let not thy tale make Him abide there long, before thou bring him off, for all that While my heart will beat. *Bes.* Madam, let what will beat, I Must tell the truth, and thus it was; they fought single in lists, but One to one; as for my owne part, I was dangerously hurt but three dayes before, else, perhaps, we had beene two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was This, the enemy had made Trenches. *Gob.* Captaine, without The manner of your hurt be much materiall to this businesse, We'll heare't some other time. *Pan.* I priethee leave it, and go on With my brother. *Bes.* I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the Lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight. *Pan.* Alasse. *Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen Captaines of either side mingled, all which were sworne, and one of those was I: and twas my chance to stand next a Captaine oth' enemies side, called *Tiribafus*; Valiant they said he was, whilst these two Kings were streaching themselves,

this *Tiribafus* cast something a scornfull looke on me, and ask't



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Mee whom I thought would overcome : I smild & told him if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose King would win : something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zepetus* offered to help him, I-- *Pan.* All this is of thy selfe, I pray thee *Bessus* tell something of my brother, did he nothing ? *Bes.* Why yes, ile tell your grace, they were not to fight till the word given, which for my owne part, by my troth I confesse I was not to give. *Pan.* See for his owne part.

*Bac.* I feare yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report. *Bes.* But I :

*Pan.* Still of himselfe. *Bes.* Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to mee, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you : I said not a word, nor made signe during the combate, but that once done. *Pan.* He slips ore all the fight. *Bes.* I cal'd him to me, *Cosroes* said I :

*Pan.* I will heare no more. *Bes.* No, no, I lie. *Bac.* I dare besworne thou dost. *Bes.* Captaine, said I,

So 'twas. *Pan.* I tell thee, I will heare no further. *Bes.* No ? Your Grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it, what is this the Lady My brother writes to me to take ? *Bes.* And please your grace this is she : Charge will you come neare the

Princesse ? *Pan.* You'r welcome from your Countrey, and this Land shall shew unto you all the kindnesse that I can make it ;

What's your name ? *Spa. Thalestris.* *Pan.* Y'are very welcome, you have got a letter to put you to me, that has power enough to

Place mine enemy here ; then much more you that are so farre From being so to me that you nere saw me. *Bes.* Madam, I dare

Passé my word for her truth. *Spa.* My truth ? *Pan.* Why Cap-

taine, doe you think I am afraid shee'll steale ? *Bes.* I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give my word for her, and for

Honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way, but by this light none but what she might doe with

modesty, to a man of my ranek. *Pan.* Why Captaine, her's no body thinks otherwise. *Bes.* Nay, if you should, your grace may

thinke your pleasure ; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her about her

knee I pray God I may sinke where I stand. *Spa.* Above my knee ? *Bes.* No, you know I did not, and if any man will say, I did,

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This sword shall answer; Nay, ile defend the reputation of my Charge whilst I live, your Grace shall understand I am secret in These busineses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

*Spa.* I hope your Grace knowes him so well already, I shall not Need to tell you hee's vaine and foolish. *Bef.* I, you may call me What you please, but ile defend your good name against the World; and so I take my leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well. *Bac.* O Captaine *Bessus*, I thank you I would speak with you anon. *Exit.*

*Bef.* When you please, I will attend your Lordship. *Bef.* *Bac.* Madam, ile take my leave too. *Pan.* Good *Bacchus*. *Gob.* Madam, what writes his Majestie to you? *Pan.* O my Lord, The kindest Words, ile keepe 'em whilst I live, here in my bosome, there's no Art in 'em They lie disordered in this paper, just as hearty nature Speakes 'em. *Gob.* And to me he writes what teares of joy he shed To heare how you were growne in every vertues way, and yeelds All thanks to me, for that deare care which I was bound to have In training you, there is no Princesse living that enjoyes a brother Of that worth. *Pan.* My Lord, no maid longs more for any Thing, and feels more heat and cold within her brest, then I doe Now, in hope to see him. *Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he Writes, he brings along with him, a husband for you, that same Captive Prince, and if he loves you as he makes a shew, He will Allow you freedom in your choise. *Pan.* And so he will my Lord, I warrant you, he will but offer and give me the power to Take or leave. *Gob.* Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like That man where bargain'd with before I choose him. *Pan.* But I am not built on such wild humours if I find him worthy, he is Not lesse Because hee's offered.

*Spa.* 'Tis true, he is not would he would seeme lesse.

*Gob.* I thinke ther's no Lady can affect Another Prince, your brother standing by; He doth eclips mens vertues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a Lady may, and more I feare Another Lady will.

*Pan.* Would I might see him.

*Gob.* Why so you shall, my busineses are great, I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

*Pan.* I thanke you good my Lord. *Gob.* You will be ready Madam.



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Madam. *Exit Gob.* *Pan.* Yes. *Spa.* I doe beseech you  
Madam send away your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which set against your joyes may make 'em  
shine the more. *Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. *Exeunt Women.*

*Spa.* I kneele a stranger here to beg a thing Unfit for me to  
aske, and you to grant, 'tis such another strange ill-laid-request.  
As if a begger should intreat a King to leave his Scepter; and his  
Throne to him and take his rags to wander o're the world  
Hungry and cold. *Pan.* That were a strange request: *Spa.* As ill  
is mine. *Pan.* Then doe not utter it. *Spa.* Alas 'tis of that nature  
that it must Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die: I am asham'd to  
speake it, but where life lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her wo-  
man that will not take something unreasonably to hazzard saving  
of it: I shall seeme a strange petitioner, that with all ill to them  
I beg of, ere they give me ought yet so I must: I would you were  
not faire, nor wise, for in your ill consists my good: if you were  
Foolish, you would heare my prayer, if foule, you had not power  
to hinder me: he would not love you. *Pan.* Whats the meaning  
of it. *Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the bounds of reason  
Yet: for 'tis not in the power of you to doe, what I would have  
you grant. *Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speake it out.

*Spa.* Your brother brings a Prince into this land, of such a  
noble shape, so sweet a grace, so full of worth withall, that every  
maide that looks upon him, gives away her self to him for ever;  
and for you to have he brings him: and so mad is my demand that  
I desire you not to have this man, this excellent man, for whom  
you needs must die, if you should misse him, I doe now expect you  
should laugh at me. *Pan.* Trust me I could weepe rather, for  
I have found in all thy words a strange disjoynted sorrow. *Spa.*  
'Tis by me. his one desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His owne desire, why credit me *Thalassius.*  
I am no common woer: If he shall woe me, his worth may be  
such, that I dare not sweare I will not love him; but if he will  
say to have me woe him, I will promise thee, he may keepe all his  
graces to himself, and feare no ravishing from me. *Spa.* 'Tis yet  
His owne desire, but when he sees your face, I feare it will not be;  
therefore I charge you as you have pittie, stop these tender eares  
From his enchanting voice, close up those eyes, that you may nei-  
ther catch a dart from him.

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nor he from you ; I charge you as you hope to live in quiet, for when I am dead, for certaine I will walke to visit him if he breake promise with me: for as fast as oath's without a formall ceremony can make me, I am to him. *Pan.* Then be fearelesse, for if he were a thing'twixt God and man, I could gaze on him ; if I knew it sinne to love him without passion : Drie your eies, I sweare you shall enjoy him still for me, I will not hinder you; but I perceive you are not what you seeme, Rise, rise *Thalestris*, If your right name be so. *Spa.* Indeed it is not, *Spacania* is my name ; but I desire not to be knowne to other. *Pan.* Why, by me you shall not, I will never do you wrong, What good I can, I will, think not my birth or education such, That I should injure a stranger Virgin ; you are welcome hither, In company you wish to be commanded, but when we are alone, I shall be ready to be your servant. *Exeunt*

*Enter three men and a woman.*

1 Come, come, run, run, run. 2 We shall out-goe her. 3 One were better be hang'd, then carry out women siddling to these shewes. *Wom.* Is the King hard by ? 1 You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late : What abundance of people here is ? *Wom.* But what had he in those bottles ? 3 I know not. 2 Why Inke Goodman foole. 3 Inke, what to doe ? 1 why the King looke you, will many times call for these bottles, and breake his mind to his friends. *Wom.* Let's take our places, we shall have no roome else. 2 The man told us hee would walke afoote throw the people. 3 I mary did he. 1 our shops are wel look't to now. 2 S'lite, yonder's my master, I thinke. 1 No'tis not he.

*Enter a man with two Citizens wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweet living'tis in the Country ? 2 *Cit.* P'poore soules, God help'em, they live as contentedly as one of us. 1 *Cit.* My husbands coulin would have had me gone into the Country last yeare, wert thou ever there ? 3 *Cit.* I, poore soules, I was amongst'em once. 1 *Cit.* And what kind of creaturs are they, for love of God ? 2 *Cit.* Very good people, God helpe'em. 1 *Cit.* Wilt thou goe downe with me this summer, when I am brought to bed ? 2 *Cit.* Alasse, it is no place for us. 1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee ? 2 *Cit.* Why you can have nothing there, there's no body cries broomes. 1 *Cit.* No ? 2 *Cit.* No.

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No truly, nor milke. 1 *Cit.* Nor milke, how do they? 2 *Cit.* They are faine to milke themselves i'the country. 1 *Cit.* Good Lord: but the people there, I thinke, will bee very dutifull to one of us. 2 *Cit.* I God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands. 1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alas? I'good faith I cannot blame them: for wedoe not greatly care for them our selves. *Phillip*, I pray choose us a place. *Phil.* There's the best forsooth. 1 *Cit.* By your leave good people a little. 3 What's the matter? *Phil.* I pray you my friend, doe not thrust my Mistresse so, shee's with Child: 2 Let her looke to her selfe then, has she not had showing enough yet, if she stay shouldring here, she may haps goe home with a cake in her belly. 3 How now, goodman squitter-bretch, why do you leane on me? *Phil.* Because I will. 3 Will you sir sawce-boxe. 3 *Cit.* Look if one ha'not strooke *Phillip*, come hither *Phillip*, why did he strike thee? *Phil.* For leanin on him. 1 *Cit.* Why didst thou leane on him? *Phil.* I did not thinke he would have stroke me. 1 *Cit.* As God save me la thou'rt as wild as a Bucke, ther's no quarell but thou'rt at one end or other on't. 3 It's at th' first end then, for hee'l nere stay the last. 1 *Cit.* Well sliptring, I shall meet with you. 3 When you will. 1 *Cit.* Ile give a crowne to meete with you. 3 At a Bawdi-house. 1 *Cit.* I you're full of your rogerie; but if I doe meete you it shall cast me a fall.

*Flourish.*

*Enter one running.*

4 The King, the King, the King. Now, now, now, now.

*Flourish Enter Arbaces, Tigraxes, the two Kings and Mardonius*

*All.* God preserve your Majesty. *Arb.* I thinke you all, now are my joyes at full, when I behold you safe, my loving Subjects; By you I grow, 'tis your united love that lifts me to this height: All the account that I can render you for all the love you have bestowed on me, all your expences to maintaine my warre, is but a little word, you will imagine 'Tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word, As is not to be bought, but with your bloods, 'Tis Peace

*All.* God preserve your Majestie. *Arb.* now you may live securly i'your townes, your Children round about you; may sit Under your Vines, and make the miseries of other Kingdoms, a discourse for you, and lend them sorrowes; For your selves, you may safely forget there are such things as teares and you may all whose good thoughts I have gain'd, hold me unworthy, where I

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thinke my life a sacrifice too great to keepe you thus in such a calme estate. *All.* God blesse your majestie. *Arb.* See all good people, I have brought the man whose very name you feard, a captive home; Beheld him, 'tis *Tigranes*; In your heart sing songs of gladnesse, and deliverance. 1. *Cit.* out upon him.

2. *Cit.* How he lookes. 3. *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

*Mard.* These are sweet people. *Tigr.* Sir, you doe me wrong, To render me a scorned spectacle to common people. *Arb.* It was so farre from me, to meane it so: if I have ought deserv'd my loving Subjects, let me beg of you, nor to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells all worth of which the name of a man is capable, valour beyond compare, the terrour of his name haz stretcht it selfe where ever there is sunne; and yet for you I fought with him single, and won him too; I made his valour stoope, and brought that name soard to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall beneath mine: This inspir'd with all your loves, I did performe, and will for your content, be ever ready for a greater word. *All.* The Lord blesse your Majestie. *Tig.* So he haz made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himselfe: I would not be so vain-glorious. *Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may doe good to any creature, here speake out; for I must leave you: and it troubles me, that my accasions for the good of you, are such as call me from you: else, my joy would be to spend my daies among you all, you shew your loves in these large multitudes that come to meet me, I will pray for you, haever prosper you, that you may know old yeares, and live to see your childrens children sit at your boards with plentie: when there is a want of any thing, let it be knowne to me, and I will be a father to you: God keepe you all.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt Kings and their traine.*

*All.* God blesse your Majestie, God blesse your Majestie. 1. Come, shall wee goe? all's done. *Wom.* I for God sake, I have not made a fire yet. 2. Away, away, all's done. 3. Content. fare well *Philip.* 1. *Cit.* Away you halter-sack you. 2. *Philip,* will not fight, hee's afraid on's face. *Philip.* I mary am I afraid of my face. 3. Thou wouldst be *Philip,* if thou sawst it in a glasse; it lookes so like a visour. *Exeunt 2. 3. and woman.*

1. *Cit.* You'l be hang'd sirra: Come *Philip* walke afore us home-

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homewards; did not his Majestie say he had brought us home  
Pease for all our money? 2 *Cit.* Yes marrie did he. 1 *Cit.*  
The're the first I heard on this yeere by my troth, I longed for  
some of 'm: did he not say we should have some? 2 *Cit.*  
yes, and so we shall anon I warrant you have every one a pecke  
brought home to our houses.

## Actus Tertius.

*Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* MY Sister take it ill? *Gob.* Not very ill,  
Something unkindly she does take it Sir, to have  
Her husband chosen to her hands. *Arb.* Why *Gobrias* let her, I  
Must have her know my will, and not her owne must govern her:  
What will she marry with some slave at home? *Gob.* O she is far  
From any stubbornesse, you much mistake her, and no doubt will  
Like where you would have her, but when you behold her, you  
Will be loath to part with such a jewell. *Arb.* To part with her,  
Why *Gobrias*, art thou mad? shee is my sister. *Gob.* Sir, I know  
She is: But it were pittie to make poore our Land with such a  
Beauty, to enrich another. *Arb.* Pish, will she have him?

*Gob.* I doe hope she will not, I thinke she will sir. *Arb.* Were  
she my Father, and my mother too, and all the names for which  
we thinke folks friends, she should be forc't to have him when I  
know 'tis fit: I will not heare her say she's loath, *Gob.* Heaven  
bring my purpose luckily to passe; you know 'tis just, she will  
not need constraint she loves you so. *Arb.* How does she love me,  
speake? *Gob.* She loves you more then people love their health,  
that live by labour more then I could love a man that died for  
me, if he could live againe. *Arb.* She is not like her mother then.

*Gob.* O no, when you were in *Armenia*, I durst not let her  
know when you were hurt: fore at the first on every little scratch,  
she kept her chamber, wept, and could not eate,  
till you were well, and many times the newes  
was so long comming, that befores we heard  
She was as neere her death, as your health.

*Arb.* Alas poore soule, but yet she must be rul'd;

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I know not how I shall requite her well.

I long to see her, have you sent for her,

To tell her I am ready?

*Gob.* Sir I have.

*Enter 1 Gent. and Tigranes.*

*1 Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian King*.

*Arb.* Hee's welcome.

*1 Gent.* And the *Queene-mother*, and the *Princesse* waite  
Without. *Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.

*Tigranes*, you will thinke you are arriv'd  
In a strange Land, where mothers cast to poyson  
Their onely sones; thinke you you shall be safe?

*Tigr.* Too safe, I am sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacchus,  
Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.*

*Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would  
As low as is my grave, to shew a minde  
Thankfull for all your mercies. *Arb.* O stand up,  
And let me kneele, the light will be asham'd  
To see observance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my King. *Arb.* You are my mother, rise;  
As farre be all your faults from your owne soule,  
As from my memory; then you shall be  
As white as innocence her selfe. *Arb.* I came  
Onely to shew my duty, and acknowledge  
My sorrowes for my sinnes; longer to stay  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively  
Upon my shame: That power that kept you safe  
From me, preserve you still.

*Ara.* Your owne desires shall be your guide. *Exit Arane.*

*Pan.* Now let me die, since I have seene my Lord the King  
returne in fastie, I have seen all good that life  
Can shew me; I have nere another wish  
For heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should;  
For I am bound to spend my age to come,  
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your Majestie speake?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the *Princesse*.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, I am fearfull you doe looke

# A King, and no King.

On me, as if I were some loathed thing

That you were finding out a way to slay.

*Gov.* Sir, you should speak to her.

*Ans.* Ha?

*Par.* I know I am unworthy, yet not ill arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneel, till I am one with earth, but I will gain some words and kindness from you.

*Tigr.* Will you speak Sir?

*Ans.* Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou that dost creep into my breast;

And dar'st not see my face? then forth thy self:

I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd

Hither, from hence; you shall not tarry there,

Up, and be gone, if thou beest Love be gone:

Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,

Pull thy lov'd Down away, and with thy Quill

By this right arm drawn from thy wonted wing,

Write to thy laughing Mother Thy blood;

That you are Powers belov'd, and all your darts

Are to be blown away, by new resolv'd

Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

*Tigr.* O misery! why should he be so slow?

There can no falsehood come of loving her,

Though I have given my faith, she is a thing

Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:

I would he would present me to her quickly.

*Par.* Will you not speak at all? are you so far

From kinde words? yet to have my modesty

That must talk till you answer, do not think

As you were dumb, say something, though it be

Poyson'd with anger, that it may strike me dead.

*Mar.* Have you no life at all? for manhood sake

Let her not kneel, and talk neglected away

A tree would finde a tongue to answer her,

Did she but give it such a word as that

*Ans.* You mean this Lady? she is from the earth;

you let her kneel so long? alas, Madam, your beauty does so command, and your soft words so sweetly melt me, that I shall be granted, yet the time is short, and my affairs are great: but where's my Sister? I bade she should be brought, and she is not here.



# A King, and no King.

Mar. What is he mad?

Gob. Sir.

Gob. Who Sir?

Mar. Your Sister, Sir?

Arb. Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wife, answer where is she?

Arb. Where?

Arb. There, where?

Arb. Which do you mean, that little one?

Arb. No Sir, why do you mock me? Lean see

No other here, but that prisoning Lady.

Gob. That's she.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. As hell by heaven, as false as hell.

My sister: is she dead?

Speak boldly to me: for I am a man.

And dare not quarrel with Durland.

And do not think to cozen me with this.

I see you all are mutes, and dumb as well.

Fearfull to answer me in a top time.

A decreed instant cut's off on a life.

For which to mourn, is a reward (hard)

A Virgin, though more innocent than sheep.

As clear as her own eyes, and clear as steel.

Eternal waits upon her where she lies.

I know she could not make a will to change.

Her state for new, and you shall see her soon.

My crosses like a man, we all must die.

And she hath taught me how.

Gob. Do not mistake.

And vex your self for nothing, for her death.

Is a long life off, I hope.

And if my speech deserve not such a reward.

Upon me, and my last word shall come.

A credit from you.

Arb. Which good Gob. I shall be to you.

Gob. That Lady Sir.

She is your sister, and she is your sister.

That.



# *Acting, and so forth.*

That loves you so, is for the world's sake;  
To see you use her thus.

*Fig.* Pish, this is tedious,  
I cannot hold, I must present my self;  
And yet the sight of my *Spencer*  
Touches me, as a sudden *surprise*  
Does one that is about to *sin*.

No more of this; here I pronounce *him*  
The direct plotter of my death;  
Or thinks her for my *father*  
The most malicious of the world, *invented*  
To mad your King; he *shall* *my* *father*  
Let him draw out his sword, and *fight* *there*.

It is a sin fully as pardonable;  
She is no kin to *my* *father*;  
If she were ever, I create her *mother*  
And which of you can *question* *this* *my* *power*  
Is like the Sea, that is to *be* *ruled*  
And not disputed with; I *have* *decree'd*  
As far from having part of blood *with* *him*;  
As the nak'd Indians; come and answer *me*  
He that is boldest now; *what* *my* *father* *is* *my* *father*.

*Def.* No more, she is not, and *your* *father*  
I never thought she was, she's *nothing* *but* *you*  
*Arb.* No, 'tis true, she is *not* *my* *father*. Then *should* *he* *hang* *at*  
*Pan.* Sir, I will speak *but* *once* *by* *the* *king* *power*  
You make my blood a *stranger* *unto* *you*;  
You may command me *dead*, and *to* *touch* *love*  
A stranger may importune, pray you do;  
If this request appear too much to *grant*;  
Adopt me of some other *Family*  
By your unquestion'd *words* *the* *father* *is*  
Like sinfull *lust* *that* *are* *lost* *to* *their*  
By their regardless *Mothers* *and* *no* *name*  
Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will hear no more;  
Why should these be *such* *unluck* *in* *my* *eyes*;  
And sin for me to hear *the* *world*

# As Kings, and as Villains.

May take delight in this, and in the torment  
For me to do so : *How am I fair and wife,*  
And vertuous I think, and he is blest  
That is so near you as my brother is;  
But you are nought to me but a disease,  
Continual torment without hope of ease;  
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,  
That he that undertakes my cure, must first  
Orethrow Divinity, all morall Laws,  
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,  
Allowing 'm to do all actions;  
As freely as they drink when they desire;  
Let me not hear you speak again here;  
I shall but languish for the want of that,  
The having which, would kill me; No man here  
Offer to speak for her; for I consider  
As much as you can say, I will not stir;  
My body and my mind too, rest thou here;  
Here's one within will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Fear not Madam, *winning smile*  
The King will alter this soon; *and a sudden change*  
And you shall see it, and from other way. *Pan.* Pray heaven to do.

*Tig.* Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot  
Suffice my passion longer; if my father  
Should rise again disquieted with this,  
And charge me to forbear, yet it would hurt  
Madame, a stranger, and a prisoner here,  
To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,  
I think, but if you be not, 'tis past me  
To make you so : for I am hard a stranger;  
Greater then you; we know from whence you come;  
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
Is yet uncertain, found here i'th Court,  
And onely suffer'd to walk up and down,  
As one not worth the owning. *Spe. O.* I fear  
Tig. *eyes* will be caught, he looks, we think,

At he would change his eyes with her, some helpe  
There is above for me, I hope.

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away, and weep to fast,  
And utter things that will become your lookes,  
Can you want owning? *Spe.* O tis certaine so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge your self mine. *Arb.* How now?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking. *Tigr.* Nations shall owne you for  
their Queene. *Arb.* They are not thou my prisoner?

*Tigr.* I am. *Arb.* And who is this?

*Tigr.* She is your sister. *Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so againe? that's well.

*Arb.* And then how dare you offer to change words with her?

*Tigr.* Dare do it, Why? you brought me hither Sir,  
To that intent. *Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,

If I had sworne it, had you so much folly  
To credit it? The least word that she speaks  
Is worth a life; rule your disordered tongue,  
Or I will temper it. *Spe.* Blest be the breath.

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue; such incivillities  
As these, no barbarous people ever knew!  
You breake the lawes of Nature, and of Nations,  
You talke to me as if I were a prisoner  
For theft; my tongue be temper'd? I must speake  
If thunder checke me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will. *Spe.* Alas my fortune!

*Tigr.* Doe not feare his frowne, deere Madam, heare me.

*Arb.* Feare not my frowne? but that I were base in mee  
To fight with one I know I can o'tcome,  
Against thou shouldst be conquer'd by mee.

*Mar.* He haz one ranfome with him already. *Spe.* Twere  
good to fight double, or triple.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison! Now Sir, see

If my frowne be regarded. Why delay you?

Seize him *Bacchus*, you shall know my word  
Sweepes like a wind, and all that follows with  
Are as the chaffe before it.

*Arb.* Helpe there. *Tigr.* Away.

# 4 King and no King.

1 Gent. It is in vain so struggle.

2 Gent. You must before d.

Bac. Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

Arb. Why do you dally then? drag him away

By any thing. Bac. Come Sir.

Tig. Justice thou oughtst to give me strength enough

To shake all these off: This is tyrannie,

Arbaces surler then the burning hills,

Or that from d. Teas bed. Thou mightst as well

Search fth deepe of Winter through the snow.

For half starv'd people, to bring home with thee,

To shew 'm fire, and send 'm backe againe.

As a forme thus.

Arb. Let him be close, Bacarius.

Spa. I he're rejoyce that any ill to him,

But this imprisonment: what shall become

Of me forsaken?

Gob. You will not let your sister

Depart thus discontented from you, Sir.

Arb. By no means Gobias, I have done her wrongs

And made my selfe believe much of my selfe,

That is not in me: You did kneele to mee,

Whilest I stood stubborn and regardless by,

And like a god incensed, gave no care.

To all your prayers: behold, I kneele to you,

Shew a contempt as large as was my crime.

And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

Par. O you wrong me more in this

Then in your rage you did: you mocke me now.

Arb. Never forgive me then, which is the worst

can happen to me.

Par. If you be in earnest

Stand up and give me but a gentle look.

And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.

Arb. Rise you then to heare, if I can thinke you

My hope, the only joy of my life.

The best of sisters, deare to my heart,

A happiness as high as I could wish;

And when my actions call thee to my life,

Revdiction



## A King, and no King.

With such unmanly humors: Incessant in the  
Dwelling already, and it must be holy  
That pulls it thence, where are the

Mar. Here Sir. *Arb.* I pray thee hear me, if thou canst,  
Am I not grown a strange weight?

Mar. As you were. *Arb.* No heavier.

Mar. No sir. *Arb.* Why, my legs

Refuse to beare my body; O *Mordeus*,

Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou knowest

I could have gone, though I could never run.

Mar. And so I shall againe.

*Arb.* O no, 'tis past. Mar. Pray you goe rest your selfe.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter when they talke of me,

As thou shalt heare nothing but in faty,

Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee doe: for thou shalt never see me for againe.

*Enter Bassus alone.*

*Bef.* They talke of fame, I have gotten it in the wars, and

will afford any man a reasonable price: worth it in fowls. Will say,

they could be content to have it; but that it is to be had with

with danger: but my opinion is, though I have sold it, I might stand

still in Cannon-proofe, and have it still upon me; I would

refuse it: my reputation came by thinking to continue

away, which no bodie knows but *Mordeus*, and *Labile* he

conceales it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I was

the Towne a young fellow, without money on my person, and

friends; and my enemy was *Mordeus*, and abuse people

for my meat, which I did, and they beate me, and I

fast two daies, till my hunger was gone, and I was

thought I had a monstrous stomach to eat me againe, and did

it. I, this state I continu'd till they hung me up by the heels, and

beate mee with halfe sticks, till they would have hanged me, and

have cousten'd some body to be my Viceroy, and I should

and eate quietly: for the whole kingdom was mine, and I

for a baffel'd whipt fellow, and what I sold, was for my

mirth; but never in anger, of which I was glad, I would in were

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## A King, and no King.

that passe againe. After this, heaven calls an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a cousins hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money and sent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not runne. I was never at batraile but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so fraide, that I saw no more then my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd, a Plague of there eloquence, 'twill cost me maney a beating; And *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly worthily, as they call it by the way of chalinge.

*Enter a Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Good morrow Captaine *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Good morrow sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to speake with you,

*Bes.* You'r very welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himselfe wrong'd by you some three yeeres since: your worth hee saies is fam'd, and hee doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as befits a souldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse mee: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to doe, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

*Bes.* 'Tis a challenge sir, is it not?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bes.* An inviting? O, say you mercy, what a compliment he delivers it with? he might as agreeable to my nature present me poison with such a speech: um um um reputation. um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um deare to me, um um um satisfaction: 'Tis very well sir, I do accept it, but he must a wait an answer this thirteene weekes.

3 *Gent.* Why sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soone as he could.

*Bes.* Sir upon my credit I am already engag'd to two hundred

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and,



## *A King, and no King.*

and twelve, all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word before him.

*3 Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a comfitent time.

*Bes.* Upon my faith sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much brus'd in battell, so that I cannot fight, I must be plaine, above three combats a day: All the kinde I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my rowle, the two hundred and and thirteenth man, which is something, for I tell you, I thinke there will be more after him then before him, I thinke so, pary you commend mee to him, and tell him this.

*3 Gent.* I will sir, good morrow to you.. *Exit 3 Gent.*

*Bes.* Good morrow good sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a toward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post; I have received above thirty challenges with in this two hours, marry all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's refered, the place where it must be ended, is fore daies journey off, and our arbitratours are these: Hee haz chosen a Gentleman in travell, and I have a speciall friend with a quartaine ague, like to hold him this five years, for: min & when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends health: If they would finde me challenges thus thicke, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living; I can make seven shillings a day o'th paper to the Grocers: yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe finde evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this Towne, that haz a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and fixe of 'em in a hand; and they assent, my reputation is deare to me, and I must requirer satisfaction: Who's there? more paper I hope, no, 'tis my Lord *Baculus*, I feare all is not well betwixt us.

*Enter Baculus.*

*Bac.* Now Captaine *Bes*, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by a idle report: you know you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right;

*Bac.* And wronged me.

*Bes.* True my Lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I thinke, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

*Bes.* O my good Lord, my deepe engagements.

*Bac.*



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*Bac.* Tell not me of your engagements, I Captaine *Bessu*, it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my one part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bes.* My Lord, I seeke not quails, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it.

*Bac.* Who then pray?

*Bes.* *Bessu* the coward wrong'd you

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall *Bessu* the valiant, maintaine what *Bessu* the coward did.

*Bac.* I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I sweare thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extreemly, and kick'd.

*Bes.* Since you promoke me thus farre, my Lord, I will fight with you, and by my sword it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well awake sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg? Why, what ayles your leg? ile do a cure on you, stand up.

*Bes.* My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth, I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

*Bes.* My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confesse thy selfe a coward still, or by this light, ile beate thee into spunge.

*Bes.* Why I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so sir? and why do you weare a sword then? come unbuckle quicke.

*Bes.* My Lord.

*Bac.* Unbuckle say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ake extreemly.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a new years gift.

*Bac.* I thanke you very heartily, sweet Captaine, farewell

*Bes.* One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife againe.

*Bac.* Mary by all meanes Captaine; cherish your selfe with it, and outchard good Captaine; wee cannot tell whether we shall have any more such: Adue deere Captaine.

*Exit Baculus.*

*Bes.* I will make better use of this, then of my sword: A base spirit hath this vantage of a brave one, it keepes alwaies at a stay, nothing brings it slower, nor beting. I remember I promis'd the King in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eate my sword to a knife, how to get another sword I know not nor know.

## A King, and no King.

know any meanes left for me to maintaine my credit, but impudence: There fore I will out-swere him and all his followers; that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* He move the King, hee is most strangely alter'd; I guesse the cause I fear too right, heaven haz some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourgno question justly laid upon him. Hee haz followed me through twenty roomes; and ever when I stay to wait this command, he blushes like a girle, and looks upon me, as if modesty kept in his businelle: so turnes away from me, but if I goe on, hee follows me againe. *Enter Arb.* See, here he is. I doe not use this, yet I know, not how, I cannot chouse but weepe to see him: his very enemies I thinke, whose woundes have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would finde teares in their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot utter it, why should I keepe a breast to harbour thoughts, I dare not speake? darknesse is in my bosome, and there lies a thousand thoughts that cannot brooke the light: how wilt thou vexeme when this deed is done? conscience, that are afraid to let me name it. *Mar.* How do you sir?

*Arb.* Why very well *Mardonius*, how dost thou doe?

*Mar.* Better then you I feare.

*Arb.* I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee, Thou art in hell else, secret scorching flames That farre transcend earthly materiall fires Are crept into me, and there is no cure, Is it not strange *Mardonius*, there's no cure?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid That you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

*Mar.* Out with it sir, if it bee dangerous: I will not shrinke to doe you service, I shall not esteeme my life a waighier matter then indeede: it is, I know 'tis subject to more chanches then it haz hours and I were better loose it in my Kings cause, then with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a thiefe; as all these are probable enough: let me but know what I shall doe for you.

*Arb.* It will not out: were you with *Gobrius* And bad him give my sistre all content The place affords, and give her leave to send and speake to whom shee.

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free, please?

*Mar.* Yes sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to *Bacurim* say as much?

*Mar.* Yes, sir.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* O say not so.

You had an answer of this before;

Besides I thinke this business might be utter'd of more carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out, I doe beseech thee.

By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,

To se my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well, and what?

*Mar.* That's strang, I shall say nothing to her?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Arb.* Not a word;

But if thou lovest me finde some subtil way

To make her understand by signes.

*Mar.* But what shall I make her understand?

*Arb.* O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd.

*Mar.* You may; but I can onely see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;

one more advice, thou shalt speake to her; tell her I doe love

My kindred all; wilt thou.

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* O yes and her the best.

Better then any brother loves his sister.

*Mar.* Me thinks this

Need not have been delivered with such a caution.

*Arb.* There is more yett.

Wilt thou be faithfull to me?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I have it,

He passe through fire to doe it.

*Arb.* I love her better then a brother ought;

Doe thou conceive me?

*Mar.* I hope you do not sir.

*Arb.* No, thou art dull, kneele downe before her,

And nere rise againe, till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I thinke she does.

*Arb.* But better then she does another way;

As wives love husbands,

*Mar.* Why, I thinke there are few wives that love their

*A King, and no King.*

His hands better then she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me; is it fit  
This should be uttered plainly; take it then  
Naked as it is: I would desire her love  
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,  
To doe a sinne that needs must damne us both,  
And thee too: dost thou understand me now?

*Mar.* Yes, ther's your Ring againe; what have I done  
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,  
That you should put so base a businesse to me?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst doe it?

*Mar.* Yes; if I undertooke it, but if all  
My haire were lives, I would not be engag'd  
In such a case to save my last life.

*Arb.* O guilt, ha how poore and weake a thing art thou?  
This man that is my servant, whom my breath  
Might blow upon the world might beat me here  
Having this cause, whilst I prest downe with sin  
Could not resist him, heare *Mardonius*,  
It was motion misbecoming man,  
And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Heaven grant you may be so: you must understand, nothing  
that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my  
Prince. But otherwise, I thinke I shall not love you more. For  
you are sinfull, and if you doe this crime, you ought to have no  
laws. For after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any  
offender for any crime: For my selfe I finde my heart too bigge:  
I feele I have not patience to looke on whilst you run these for-  
bidden courses: Mennes I have none but your favour, and I am  
rather glad that I shall loose 'em both together, then keepe 'em  
with such onditions: I shall finde dwelling amongst some  
people, where though our garments perhaps be courser, we shall  
be richer farre within, and harbour no such vices in 'em: the  
Gods preserve you and mend.

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, for though  
my present state requires nothing but knaves,  
To be about me such as are prepar'd  
For every tricketh and yet knowe not know

But

*A King, and no King.*

But that my loathed Fate may turne about,  
And I have use for honest men againe:  
I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

Bes. Where is the King?

*Mar.* There.

Bes. And please your Majestie, ther's the knife,

*Arb.* What knife?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* A way you foole, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities, I'me no honest man, if my enemies have not  
brought it to this, what doe you thinke I lla?

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well Bessus, 'tis very well, I'me glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are  
Cutlers, come leave the King.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes, but he haz affaires, depart, or I shall be some-  
thing unmannerly with you.

*Arb.* No, let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay,  
I have occasion with him very weighty.

And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Why I can spare you now.

Bes. *Mardonius* give way to these state affaires.

*Mar.* Indeed you are fitter for this present purpose. *Exi.*

*Arb.* Bessus, I should imploy thee, wilt thou doe?

Bes. Doe't for you, by this ayre I will doe any thing without  
exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Doe not swart.

Bes. By this light but I will, any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name the thing.

Thy conscience will not suffer thee so doe.

Bes. I would faine heare that thing.

*Arb.* Why I would have thee get my sister for me;  
Thou understandst me, in a wretched manner.

Bes. O you would have about with her?  
He doe't, he doe't, if faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, doe't thou make no more out?

Bes. More? no, why is there any thing else? if there  
be, it shall be done too.

*Arb.*

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*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne?  
Thou art too wicked for my company,  
Though I have hell within me; thou mai'st yet  
Corrupt me further : pray thee answer me,  
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bes.* Why your majesty lookes as well in my opinion, as ever  
you did since you were borne.

*Arb.* But thou apper'st to me after thy grant,  
The ugliest, lothed detestable thing  
That I ever saw with. Thou hast eyes  
Like the flames of Sulphur, which me thinks doe dart  
infection on me; and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in where there doe stand  
Foure rowes of yron teeth.

*Bes.* I feele no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I looke, I'll  
doe my businesse as well as they that looke better, and when this  
is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell mee, and  
you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Arb.* My mother! heaveu forgive me to here this,  
I am inspir'd with horror : now I hate thee  
Worse then my sinne, which if I could come by  
Should suffer death eternall nere to rise  
In any breast againe. Know I will die  
Languishing mad, as I resolve, I shall  
Ere I will deale by such an instrument;  
Thou art to sinfull to imploy in this  
Our of the World, away.

*Bes.* What doe you meane, Sir.

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful sight  
In to the desarts, where 'mongst all the monsters  
If thou find'st one so beastly as thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bes.* Good Sir,  
*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou,  
We Kings could never see such wicked deeds;  
Seeke out a man that mocks Divinity,  
That breakes each precept both of Gods and mans,  
And natures to and does it with our lust;  
Meerely because it is a law, and good,

And

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And live with him: for him thou canst not spoile.

Away, I say, I will not doe this sinne.

*Exit Bassus.*

I'll presse it here, till it doe breake my breast,

It heav's to get out, but thou art a sinne,

And spight of torture I will keep thee in.

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Gobrias, Panthea, Sparcinus.*

*Gob.* **H** Ave you written Maddame?

*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias.

*Gob.* And with a kindnesse, and such winning words

As may provoke him at one instant feele

His double fault, your wrong, and his owne rashnesse?

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him

From his displeasure; and such words I hope,

As shall gaine much upon his goodnesse, *Gobrias,*

Yet fearing they are many, and a woman,

A poore believe may follow, I have woven

As many truths within 'em to speake for me,

That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em.

*Gob.* Good Lady be not fearfull, though he should not

Give you your present end in this, believe it,

You shall feele, if your vertue can induce you

To labour on't; this tempest which I know,

Is but a poore prooffe 'gainst your patience:

All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,

Newer and sweeter to you; your Royall brother,

When he shall once collect himselfe, and see

How farre he has been asunder from himselfe;

What a meere stranger to his golden temper;

Must from those roots of vertue, never dying,

Though some what stop't with humour, shot againe

Into a thousand glories, beasing his faire branches

High as our hopes can looke at, straight as tall,

Loaden with ripe contents; he loves you dearly,

I know it, and I hope I need not farther



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Win you to understand it. *Pan.* I believe it.

But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:

So dearely, that if any thing I write

For my enlarging should beget his anger,

Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,

I had rather live intomb'd here.

*Gob.* You shall not feele a worse stroake then your griefe,

I am sorry 'tis so sharpe, I kisse your hand,

And this night will deliver this true story,

With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace goe with you, you are a good man. *Exit Gob.*

My *Spaconia*, why are you ever sad thus?

*Spa.* O deare Lady.

*Pan.* Prethee discover not a way to sadnesse;

Nearer then I have in me, our two sorrowes

Worke like two eager Hawkes, who shall get highest;

How shall I kisse thine? for mine I feare

Is easier knowne then eur'd.

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both,

And give you happy ends, however I

Fall in my stubbornne fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches

How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,

That are to much our Masters: good *Spaconia*

How shall I doe you service?

*Spa.* Noblest Lady,

You make me more a slave still to your goodnesse,

And onely live to purchase thanks to pay you,

For that is all the businesse of my life, now

I will be bold, since you will have it so,

To aske a noble favour of you.

*Pan.* Speake it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a vertue,

No ill demand haz issue.

*Spa.* Then ever vertuous, let me beg your will

In helping me to see the Prince *Torganes*,

With whom I am equall prisoner, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end *Spaconia*;

*Bacurim* cannot want so much good manners

As to deny your gentle visitation,

Though

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Though you came onely with your owne command.

*Spa.* I know they will deny me gracious Madame,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd  
So utter empty of these excellencies,  
That tame authority; but in you sweet Lady,  
All these are naturall; beside, a power  
Deriv'd immediate from your royall brother,  
Whose least word in you may command the Kingdome.

*Pan.* More then my word *Spaconia*, you shall carry,  
For feare it faile you. *Spa.* Dare you trust a token?  
Madame, I feare I am growne too bold a begger.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one, and trust me Lady  
It joyes me, I shall doe a good to you,  
Though to my selfe I never shall be happie:  
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it; I thinke they will not stay you:  
So all your owne desires goe with you Ladie.

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your grace.

*Pan.* Pray heaven I find it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tigranes, in prison.*

*Tigr.* Foole that I am, I have undone my selfe,  
And with my owne hand turn'd my fortune round.  
That was a faire one; I have childishly  
Plaid with my hope so long, till I have broke it,  
And now too late I mourne for't; O *Spaconia*!  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now,  
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? but wretched foole,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sunne and me,  
To make me freeze thus? Why did I preferre her  
To the faire Princeesse? O thou foole, thou foole,  
Thou family of fooles, live like a slave still,  
And in thee beare thine owne hell and thy torment,  
Thou hast deserv'd: Couldst thou find no Lady  
But she that haz thy hopes to put her to,  
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse  
But she that lov'd thee ever? poore *Spaconia*,  
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty

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And honour thou art bound to meet her vertues :  
 She that forgot the greatness of her griefe  
 And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,  
 Endlesse and wild as women ; She that for thee  
 And with thee lost her liberty, her name,  
 And countrey, you have paid me equall, Heavens,  
 And sent my owne rod to correct me with ;  
 A woman : for Inconstancy I'll suffice,  
 Lay it on Justice, till my soule melt in me  
 For my womanly, beauly, sudden doting  
 Upon a new face : after all my oaths  
 Many and strange ones,  
 I feele my old fire flame againe and burne  
 So strong and violent, that should I see her  
 Againe, the griefe and that would kill me.

*Enter Bacchus and Spaciosa.*

Bac. Lady, Your token I acknowledge, you may passe ;  
 There is the King.

Spa. I thanke your Lordship for it.

*Exit Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from her,  
 Would I were buried, or so farre remov'd  
 Light might not find me out, I dare not see her.

Spa. Nay, never hide your selfe ; or were you hid  
 Where earth hides all her riches, nere her center ;  
 My wrongs without more day would fight me to you :  
 I must speake ere I die ; were all your greatness  
 Doubled upon you, y<sup>e</sup> are a perjur'd man,  
 And onely mighty in your wickednesse  
 Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince ;  
 I live to see it, poore Spaciosa lives  
 To tell thee thou art false ; and thin no more ;  
 She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant,  
 Then all ill women ever were together  
 Thy faith is firme as raging out-flowes,  
 That no banke can command ; as lasting  
 As boyes gay bubbles, blowne with aire and broken ;  
 The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall  
 The beaten marriner with his ill whistle,

Calme.

Calme the loud murmure of the troubled maine,  
And strike it smooth againe; then thy soule fall  
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all  
That all good men must hate; and if thy story  
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
O let it spare me in it, lest true lovers  
In pity of my wrong, burne thy blacke legend,  
And with their curses, shake thy sleeping ashes.

*Tigr.* Oh! oh!

*Spa.* The destinies, I hope, have pointed out  
Our ends, that thou maiest die for love,  
Though not for me; for this assure thy selfe,  
The Princess hate thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be won to marry with a Bull, and safer  
Then such a beast as thou art: I have strooke,  
I feare, too deepe; bestrow me for't; Sir,  
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship  
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd,  
Alas, I have beene too rugged: Deare my Lord,  
I am sorry I have spoken any thing.  
Indeed I am, that may adde more restraint  
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd  
To thinke it was a fault of love, not malice;  
And doe as I will doe, forgive it Prince.  
I doe, and can forgive the greatest sinnes  
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

*Tigr.* O my Spawne! O thou vertuous woman.

*Spa.* Nay, more, the King Sir,

*Enter Arbaces Bacrius, Abardonius.*

*Arb.* Have you beene carefull of our noble Prisoner,  
That he want nothing fitting for his greatnesse?

*Bac.* I hope his grace will quit me for my care Sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well, royall *Tigranes*, health.

*Tigr.* More then the strictnesse of this place can give Sir,  
I offer backe againe to great *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* Wee thank you worthy Prince, and pray excuse us,  
Wee have not seene you since your being here,  
I hope your noble usage has been equall

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With your owne person: your imprisonment,  
If it be any, I dare say is easie,  
And shall notout last two daies.

*Tigr.* I thank you;

My usage heere haz beene the same it was,  
Worthy a royall Conqueror. For my restraint,  
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for;  
But I must beare it: *Arb.* What Lady's that *Bacchus*?

*Bac.* One of the Princes women, Sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it, why comes shee hither?

*Bac.* To speake with the Prince *Tigranes*.

*Arb.* From whom *Bacchus*? *Bac.* From the Princesse Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His fit begins th take him now againe,  
'Tis a strange Feaver, and 'twill shake us all anon, I feare,  
Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:  
Give me the warrs, where men are madde, and may talke what  
thylift, and held the bravest fellowes; This pelting prating peace  
is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to't.

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his owne ends, why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your owne command to barre none from him,  
Beside, the Princesse sent her ring Sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?

Sir tell truth. *Bac.* I doe not use to lie Sir,

'This no way I eat or live by, and I thinke,  
This is no token Sir.

*Mar.* This combat haz undone him: if he had been well beaten,  
hee had been tempetate; I shall never see him handsome againe,  
till he have a Horse-mans staffe yoa'd thorow his shoulders, or  
an arme broken with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am stifled with. *Bac.* Sir.

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me so, Sir I dare speake it,  
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my soule.

*Arb.* Sirra, you answer as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I feare Sir to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say Sir, once against.

*Bac.*

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*Bac.* You may say what you please, Sir; Would I might doe so.

*Arb.* I will Sir, and say openly, this woman carries letters, By my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it,

*Mar.* Would *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search her, He would quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters,

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawdes, Chamber-maids and Post-boyes, I thank heaven I have none but his letters patents, things of his owne enditting.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tig.* Doe, What Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turne Prince.

*Tig.* Serve my turn Sir? *Arb.* I Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tig.* Be plainer good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters backe to your Love *Panthea*, by heaven she shall not, I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a Saint sweare like a fouldier.

*Tig.* This beats me more King, then the blowes you gave me.

*Arb.* Take'm away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or Sirra, your life shall answer in, and let no body speake with'm hereafter.

*Tig.* Well, I am subject to you, And must indure these passions: This is the imprisonment I have look'd for alwaies.

And the detrer place I would choose.

*Mar.* Sir, you have done well now.

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters Sir to anger you, But a dry sonnet of my Corporalls

To an old Suttlers wife; and that I'll burne, Sir.

'Tis like no prove a fine age for the ignorant.

*Arb.* How darst thou so often forfeit thy life? Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you wonnor, or if you doe, you'll misse it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies

When I am dead? who shall put to his power

To

## A King, and no King.

To draw those vertues out of a flood of humors,  
When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine againe?

No, cut my head off:

Then you may talke, and be believed, and grow worse,  
And have your owne selfe glorious temper rot  
Into a deepe sleepe, and the kingdome with you,  
Till forrainge swords be in your throats, and slaughter  
Be every where about you like your flatterers.

Doe kill me.

*Arb.* Prethee be tamer, good *Mardanius*,

Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honor thee,

Believe it good old Souldier, I am thine;

But I am rack'd cleane from my selfe, beare with me,

Woot thou beare with me my *Mardanius*?

*Enter Gobrias.*

*Mar.* There comes a good man, love him too, he's temperate,

You may live to have need of such a vertue,

Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome good *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* My service and this letter to your Grace,

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich Mine of vertue and beauty,

Your mournfull Sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

*Gob.* She is Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,

Which on my knees I beg. Oh 'tis not fit,

That all the sweetnesse of the world in one,

The youth and vertue that would tame wild *Fyggers*,

And wilder people, should have knowne no manners,

Should live thus cloistred up; for your loves sake,

If there be any in that noble heat,

To here wretched Lady, and forlorne,

Or for her love to you, which is as much

As nature and obedience ever gave,

Have pitie on her beauties.

*Arb.* Pray thee stand up; 'Tis true, she is too faire,

And all these commendations but her owne,

Would thou had'st never so commended her,

Or I nere liv'd to have heard it *Gobrias*;



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If thou but know'st the wrong her beautie does her,  
Thou wouldst in pite of her be a liar.  
Thy ignorance haz drawn me wretched man,  
Whither my selfe nor thou canst well tell: O my fate!  
I thinke she loves me, but I feare another  
Is deeper in her heart: How thinkst thou *Gobrias*?

*Gob.* I doe beseech your Grace believe it not,  
For let me perish if it be uot false. Good Sir read her Letter.

*Mar.* This Love, or what a diuel it is I know not, begets more  
mischiefe then a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or low-  
lie, then live within the aire on'r. He that had seene this brave fel-  
low charge through a grove of pikes but tother day, and look up-  
on him now, will ne'r believe his eyes againe: if he continue thus  
but two daies more, a Tailor may beate him with one hand tide  
behind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty.  
And there be thousand reasones *Gobrias*,  
Thousand that will deny'r:

which if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be where she is: and bleffe her verrtues for it,  
And me, thought she were closer, She would, *Gobrias*,  
Good man indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her and with reason make her know  
Why she must live thus from you.

*Arb.* I will, goe bring her to me. *Exeunt all:*  
*Enter Effus, and two sword-men, and a boy.*

*Bef.* Y<sup>e</sup> are very welcome both; some stooles there boy,  
And reach a Table; Gentlemen oth' Sword,  
Pray sit without more complement; be gone childe,  
I have been curious in the seraching of you,  
Because I understand you wife and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves Sir.

*Bef.* Nay Gentlemen, and deare friends oth' Sword,  
No complement I pray, but to the cause  
I hang upon, which in few, is my honor.

2 You cannot hang too much Sir, for your honor,  
But to your cause.

*Bef.* Be wise, and speak truth, my first doubt is, my beating  
by my Prince. 1 Stay there a little Sir, do you doubt a beating?  
Or have you had a beating by your Prince? G *Bef.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*Bef.* Gentlemen oth' Sword, my Prince hâz beaten me:

2 Brother, what thinke you of this case?

1 If he hâz beaten him, the case is cleare,

2 If a have beaten him, I grant the case;

But how? we cannot be too subtil in this businesse,

I say, but how? *Bef.* Even with his royall hand.

1 Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

*Bef.* 'Twas twenty blowes of indignation, Gentlemen,  
Besides two blowes oth' face.

2 Those blowes oth' face have made a new cause on't,

The rest were but an horrible rudenesse.

1 Two blowes oth' face, and given by a worse man, I must confesse, as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the businesse: Marke me brother, by a worse man; but being by his Prince, had they beene ten, and those ten drawne teeth, beside the hazard of his nose for ever; all this had been but favours; this is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 The King may doe much Captaine, believe it; for had a crackt your scull through like a bottle, or brok a rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour: This is strange you may imagine, but this is truth now Captaine.

*Bef.* I will be glad to embrace it Gentlemen;

But how far may he strike me?

1 There's another:

A new cause rising from the time and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion: he may strike, beate, or cause to beate: for these are naturall to man: your Prince, I say, may beat you, so farre forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you ere, 'tis fiftene mile a day,  
His stage is ten, his beatings are fiftene.

*Bef.* 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must.

1 Be subiect to it; you are wise and vertuous.

*Bef.* Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie;

I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen oth' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us Sir, if we may

Profit your understanding; we are bound by vertue of our calling  
to utter our opinions: Shortly, and discreetly.

*Bef.* My for est businesse is, I have beene kick'd. 2 How farre fir?

*Bef.*

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*Bef.* Not to flatter my selfe in it, all over, my sword forc'd,  
but not lost, for discreetly I rende'd it to have that imputation.

1 It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty cause, pray ponder on't;  
Our frind here haz been kick'd.

1 He haz so brother.

2 Sorely he saies: Now, had he set downe here  
Upon the meere kicke, t'had beene cowardly.

1 I thinke it had been cowardly indeed.

2 But our frind haz redeem'd it in delivery  
His sword without compulsion; and that man  
That took it of him, I pronounce a weake one,  
And his kicks nullities.

A should have kick'd him after the delivering  
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;  
For, say that I were kick'd.

2 I must not say so;

Nor I must not heare it spoke by the tongue of man,

You kick'd deare brother, you'r merry.

1 But put the case I were kick'd?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of there lives, and  
know not honour; put the case you were kick'd?

1 I doe not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly creature that weares his head without a case, his  
soul in a skin coate: You kickt deare brother?

*Bef.* Nay Gentlemen, let us doe what we shall doe,  
Truly and honestly; Good Sirs to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt, Captaine?

2 The boy may be suppos'd is liable.

1 A foolish forward zeale Sir, in my friend;  
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt.

*Bef.* I doe suppose it.

1 Haz your boy a sword?

*Bef.* Surly no; I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I doe suppose it; your grant you boy was kick'd then.

2 By no means Captaine, let it be suppos'd still; the word  
grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted brother?

1 I, this must be granted,

2 Still this must?

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1 I say this must be granted.

2 I Gave me the must againe, brother, you palter;

you will not heare you waspe.

2 Brother, I say you palter; the must three times together;  
I weare as sharp Steele as another man,

And my fox bites as deepe, musted, my deare brother?

But to the cause againe.

Bef. Nay looke you Gentlemen

2 In a word, I ha done.

1 A tall man, but intemperate, 'tis great pittie;  
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd;

2 Forward.

1 And being thorowly kick'd; laughs at the kicker.

2 So much for us; proceed.

1 And in this beaten scorne, as I may call it,  
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Bef. It lies i'th beating Sir,

I found it four daies since.

2 The error, and a fore on as I take it,  
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bef. I understand that well, 'tis sore indeed Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?

Bef. A Lords.

1 The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,  
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh, 'tis cleare.

Bef. I did laugh.

But how will that helpe me, Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it shall help you if you laugh aloud.

Bef. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh Sir.

1 My reason now, the valiant man is known  
By suffering and consenting; you have  
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 If he be sure he has bin kick'd enough:

For that brave sufferance you speake of brother,

Consists not in a beating and away,

But in a cudgell'd body, from eightene

To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd

With pots of all size dagers, stooles, and bed-staves

This shewes a valiant man.

Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,

For these are all familiar things to mee;  
Familiar as my sleepe, or want of money;  
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating.  
I thinke I have beene cudgell'd with all nations,  
And almost all religions.

2 Embrace him brother, this man is valiant,  
I know it by my selfe, he's valiant.

1 Captaine, thou art a valiant Gentleman,  
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

*Bef.* My equall friends oth' Sword, I must request your  
hands to this.

2 'Tis fit it should be.

*Bef.* Boy, get me some wine, and pen and Inke within;  
Am I cleare Gentleman?

1 Sir, the world haz taken notice what wee have done,  
Make much of your body, for I'll pawne my steele,  
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

*Bef.* I must request you goe along and testifie to the  
Lord Bacninus, whose foot haz stricke me, how you find my cause.

2 We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there are those abroad, will rule his Lordship.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Arbaces at one doore, and Gob. and Pamheia at another*

*Gob.* Sir here's the Princessse.

*Arb.* Leave us then alone,

For the maine cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any but her selfe.

*Exit Gob.*

You'r welcome Sister, and would to heaven  
I could so bid you by another name:

If you above love not such sinnes as these  
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow.  
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

*Pam.* Sir, does it please you I should speake?

*Arb.* Please mee?

I more then all the art of musicke can,  
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,  
As thou brought'st joyfull unexpected newes;  
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.  
I pray thee thinke so.

*Pam.* Beir so, I will.

Am I she first that ever had a wrong?

*A King, and King.*

So farre from being fit to haue redresse,  
That 'twas unfit to heare it? I will backe  
To prison, rather then disquiet you,  
And waite till it be fit. *Arb.* No, doe not goe;  
For I will heare thee with a serious thought:  
I haue collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd  
To heare thee largely, but I doe beseech thee,  
Doe not come neerer to mee, for there is  
Something in thar, that will undoe us both.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, am I venome. *Arb.* Yes, to me;  
Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to be  
In equall degree of heat or cold,  
As nature can make: yet as unsound men  
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats  
Into diseases; so shall I distemper'd,  
Doe thee, I pray thee draw no neerer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus,  
Is all I wish to know. *Arb.* Why credit me *Panthea*.  
Credit me that am thy brother,  
Thy loving brother, and there is no cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undoe thee everlastingly,  
Onely to heare, wilt thou but credit this;  
By heaven 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

*Pan.* Children and fooles are ever credulous,  
And I am both, I thinke, for I believe;  
If you dissembles, be it on your head;  
Ile backe unto my prison: yet me thinks  
I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in my selfe, I finde I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a stop, what doe you meane?  
Deare sister, doe not so: Alas *Panthea*,  
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause  
You are imprison'd, that you may not be

Where

*A King, and no King.*

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Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must indure it fir, Heaven keep yon.

*Arb.* Nay, you shall heare the cause in short *Pantheas*;

And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me;

And hang thy head downe like a Violet

Full of the mornings dew : There is a way

To gaine thy freedome, but 'tis such a ope

As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,

Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a prooffe

Whether the gods have care of innocence,

Rather then follow it : Know that I have lost,

The only difference betwixt man and beast,

My reason. *Pan.* Heaven forbid,

*Arb.* Nay 'tis gone ;

And I am left as farre without a bound,

As the wild Ocean, that obeys the winds ;

Each sodaine passion throwes me where it lists ;

And overwhelmes all that oppose my will :

I have beheld thee with a lustfull eye ;

My heart is set on wickednesse to act

Such sins with thee, as I have beene afraid

To thinke of, if thou dar'st consent to this,

Which I beseech thee doe not, thou maist gaine

Thy liberty, and yeeld me a content ;

If not, thy dwelling must be darke and close,

Where I may never see thee ; For heaven knowes

That laid this punishment upon my pride,

Thy sight at some time will enforce my madnesse

To make a startcene to thy ravishing ;

Now spit upone me, and call all reproaches

Thou canst devise together, and at once

Hurle 'em against me : for I am a sicknesse,

As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Fare be it from me to revile the King :

But it is true, that I shall rather choose

To search out death, that else would search out me,

And in a grave sleepe with my innocence,

Then welcome such a sinne : It is my fate,



*A King, and no King.*

To these crosse accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience; and but that my eyes  
Have more of woman in 'em then my heart,  
I would not weepe: Peace euen you againe.

*Arb.* Farewell, and good *Panthea* pray for me,  
Thy prayers are pure; that I may finde a death  
However soone before my passions grow  
That they forget what I desire is sinne;  
For thither they are tending: if that happen,  
Then I shall force thee tho' thou wert a Virgin  
By vow to heaven, and shall pull a heape  
Of strange yet uninvented sin upon me:

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a fullen fate that governs us,  
For I could wish as heartily as you  
I were no sister to you; I should then  
Imbrace your lawfull love, sooner then health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then?

*Pan.* So perfectly,

That as it is, I nere shall sway my heart,  
To like another. *Arb.* Then I curse my birth,

Must this be added to my miseries  
That thou art willing too? is there no stop  
To our full happinesse, but these meere sounds  
Brother and sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else,  
But these alasse will seperate us more

Then twenty worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.* I have liv'd

To conquer men and now am overthrowne  
Onely by words brother and sister: where  
Have those words dwelling: I will finde 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth or townes,  
And I will raz 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drinke 'em off,  
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing bnt mecrely voice:

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force

# A King, and no King.

Or pollicie to conquer them.

*Arb. Panthea*, What shall we doe ?

Shall we stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out ?

*Pan.* Would I could do so,

But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accursed man,

Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate,

For thou hast all thy actions bounded in

With curious rules, when every beast is free :

What is there that acknowledges a kindred

But wretched man ? Who ever saw the bull

Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd

Because they had one Damme ?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb you and my selfe too ;

'Twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was,

Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,

No otherwise : brother and sisters may

Walk hand in hand together ; so will we,

Come nearer : is there any hurt in this ?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith, there is none at all :

And tell me truly now, is there not one

You love above me ?

*Pan.* No by heavens.

*Arb.* Why yet you sent unto *Tygranes*, sister.

*Pan.* True, but for another : for the truth.

*Arb.* No more,

Ile credit thee, thou canst not lie,

Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else,

That we may do, but onely walk ? me thinks

Brothers and sisters lawfully may kisse.

*Arb.* And so they may *Panthea*, so will we,

And kisse again too ; we were too scrupulous,

And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go

To prison, to my death to any thing :

I seale a sin growing upon my blood,

Worse then all these, hotter then yours.

H

*Arb.*

## *A King, and no King.*

*Arb.* That is impossible, what should we do?

*Pan.* Flye sir, for heavens sake,

*Arb.* So we must away,

Sin grows upon us more by this delay. *Exeunt severall waies.*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, the King haz seen your Commission, and believes  
it, and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit  
Prince Tigranes, your Noble Master.

*Lyg.* I thanke his Grace and kisse his hand.

*Mar.* But is the maïne of all your businesse ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse, I am asham'd, it is a businesse

*Mar.* You serve a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you  
are; you may employ me if you please without your purse, such  
offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your Noblenesse.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this curfewe,  
If it be any, is not ill bestowed:  
But may I civilly desire the rest?  
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,  
And with her all my patience pilfer'd away  
By a meane Captaine of your Kings.

*Mar.* Stay there sir;  
If he have reacht the noble worth of Captaine,  
He may well claime a worthy Gentlewoman,  
Though she were yours, and Noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow  
Reaches no further then the empty name  
That serves to feed him; were a valiant,  
Or had but in him any Noble nature  
That might hereafter promise him a good man,  
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave  
A span yet from me.

*Mar.*

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*Mar.* I confesse such fellows  
Be in all Royall Camps and have and must be,  
To make the sin of coward more detested  
In the mean souldier that with such a foile  
Sets off much valour. By description  
I should now guesse him to you, it was *Bossum*,  
I dare almost with confidencee pronounce it.

*Lye.* 'Tis such a scurvie name as *Bossum*, and now I think 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captaine do you call him?

Believe me sir, you have a misery  
Too mighty for your age : A pox upon him,  
For that must be the end of all his service :  
Your daughter was not mad sir?

*Lye.* No, would she had been,  
The fault had had more credit : I would do something.

*Mar.* I would faine countell you, but to what I know not,  
Hee's so below a beating, that the women find him not worthy  
of their distaves, and to hang him were to cast away a rope ; hee's  
such an ayrie, thin unbodied coward, that no revenge can catch  
him ; ile tell you sir, and tell you truth ; this rascall fears nei-  
ther God nor man, he haz been so beaten : sufferance haz made  
him wanecoate : he haz had ince a was first a slave, at least three  
hundred daggers set in in's head, as little boyes do new knives in  
hot meat, ther's not a rib in's body a my conscience that haz not  
bin thrice broken with dry beating : and now his sides look like  
two wicker Targets, every way bended, Children will shortly  
take him for a wall. And set their stone-bowes in his forehead,  
he is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week imagin what shall be  
done to him.

*Lye.* Sure I have committed some great sin  
that this fellow should be made my rod, I would see him, but I  
shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you  
have not : if a laming of him, or such a toy may do you pleasure  
sir, he has it for you, and ile help you to him : 'tis no news to  
him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd ach  
stones like a ranzie : Draw not your sword if you love it ; for on  
my conscience his head will break it : we use him in warres like  
a Ram to shake a wall withall ; here comes the very person of  
him, do as you shall find your temper, I must leave you : but if

## *A King, and no King.*

you do not break him like a Bisket, you are much too bla me fir.

*Exit Mar.*

*Enter Bessus and the sword men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name *Bessus*. *Bes.* Men call me Captain *Bessus*.

*Lyg.* Then Captain *Bessus*, you are a rank rascall, without more exordiums, a dirty frozen slave; and with the favour of your friends heere I will beat you. *2 Sword.* Pray use your

pleasure fir, you seem to be a gentleman. *Lyg.* Thus Captain *Bessus*, thus; thus twing your nose, thus kick, thus ered you.

*Bes.* I do beseech you yeeld your cause fir quickly. *Lyg.* Indeed I should have told that first. *Bes.* I take it so.

*1 Sword.* Captain, a should indeed, he is mistaken. *Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating, you have stoln away a Lady, Captain coward, and such an one. *beats him.*

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold fir, I never yet stoln any living thing that had a tooth about it: *Lyg.* I know you dare lie

*Bes.* with none but Summer Whores upon my life fir, my means and manners never could attempt above a hedge or hay-cock.

*Lyg.* Sirra; that quits not me, where is this Lady? do that you do not use to do; tell truth, or by my hand, ile beat your Captains brains out, wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I. *Bes.* There was a Lady fir, I must confesse, once in my charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gave her to my guard for her safety, how I us'd her, she may her selfe report, she's with the Prince now: I did but wait upon her like a groom, which she will testifie I am sure: if not my brains are at your service when you please fir, and glad I have 'em for you. *Lyg.* This is most likely, fir, I aske you pardon,

and am sorry I was so in temperate. *Bes.* Well I can aske no more, you will think it strange not to have me beat you at first fight. *Lyg.* Indeed I would, but I know your goodnesse can

forget twenty beatings, you must forgive me. *Bes.* Yes ther's my hand, go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this. *Lyg.* My daughter is a Whore, I feel it now too

sensible; yet I will see her, discharge my selfe from being father to her, and then back to my Country, and ther die, farewell Captain. *Exit Lyg.*

*Bes.* Farewell fir, farewell, commend me to the gentlewoman I pray. *1 Sword.* How now Captain? bare up man. *Bes.* Gentlemen oth' sword, your hands once more

I have

2 *A King, and two King.*

Thave been kickt agen, but the foolish fellow is penitent, haz askt me mercy, and my honour's safe. 2 *Sword.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have kickt his grandfir. *Bef.* Confirme, confirme I pray. 1 *Sword.* There be our hands agen, now let him come and say *z* was not sorry, and a sleeps for it.

*Bef.* Alasse good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go, these courses will undo him. *Exeunt clear.*

*Enter Lygones and Bacurins.*

*Bac.* My Lord your authority is good, and I am glad it is so, for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King, I am a minister, but not a governor of this state, yonder is your King, ile leave you. *Exit.*

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is indeed, and with him my disloyall child.

*Tigr.* I do perceive my fault so much, that yet me thinks thou shouldst not have forgiven me. *Lyg.* Health to your Majestie.

*Tigr.* What? good *Lygones*, welcome, what businesse brought thee hither? *Lyg.* Severall businesses. My publike businesses

will appear by this I have a message to deliver, which if it please you so to authorize, is an embassage from the Armenion state, unto *Lybaces* for your liberty: the offer's there set down, please you to read it. *Tigr.* There is no alteration happned since I came thence?

*Lyg.* None sir, all is as it was. *Tigr.* And all our friends are well. *Lyg.* All very well. *Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good, I dare not see my Father, it was fault enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Maddam I should have seen you. *Spa.* O good sir forgive me. *Lyg.* Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts, indeed you are not. *Lyg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily ere thou couldst go.

would thou couldst do as well, and how does your custome hold out here? *Spa.* Sir? *Lyg.* Are you in privat still, or how?

*Spa.* What do you mean? *Lyg.* Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps I can help you to liberall clients; or haz not the King cast you off yet? O thou vile creatur,

whose best commendationes is that thou art a young whore, I would thy mother had liv'd to see this: or rather that I had died ere I had seen it; why didest not make me acquainted when thou

wast west. *H 3* first

## A King, and no King.

first resolv'd to be a whore: I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied more privately: I would have kept a dancer and a whole consort of musicians in my own house onely to fiddle thee. *Spa.* Sir, I was never whore. *Lyg.* If thou couldst not say so much for thy selfe, thou shouldst be Carted. *Tigr. Lygones*, I have read it, and I like it, you shall deliver it. *Lyg.* Well sir, I wilt: but I have private buisnesse with you.

*Tigr.* Speake; what ist? *Lyg.* How haz my age deserv'd so ill of you, that you can pick no strumpets i'th land, but out of my breed? *Tigr.* Strumpits good *Lygones*.

*Lyg.* Yes and I wish to have you know, I scorne to get a whore for any prince alive, and yet I scorne will not help me thinks: my daughter might have been spar'd there were enow besides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper but shes innocent as morning light for me, and I dare swear for all the world. *Lyg.* Why is she with you then?

can she waite on you better then your man, haz she a gitt in plucking off your stockings, can she make Cawdles well or cut your cornes. Why do you keep her with you? For a Queene I know you doe contemne her, so should I, and every subject else think much at it.

*Tigr.* Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firme then earth thou see'st thy Queen there. *Lyg.* Then have I made a faire hand, I cal'd her Whore, if I shall speak now as her father, I cannot chuse but greatly rejoyce that she shall be a Queene: but if I shall speake to you as a Statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

*Tigr.* Get you about your buisnesse to *Arbom*, now you talke idly. *Lyg.* Yes sir, I wil go, and shall she be a Queen? she had more wit then her old father, when she ran away shall she be Queen? now by my troth 'tis fine, she dance out of all measure at her wedding: shall I not sir?

*Tigr.* Yes marry shalt thou. *Lyg.* He make these withered kexes beare my body two houres together above ground. *Tigr.* Nay go my buisnesse requiers haste.

*Lyg.* Good heaven preserve you, you are an excellent King. *Spa.* Far ewell good Father. *Lyg.* Farewell sweet vertuous daughter. I never was so joyfull in all my life, that I remember: shall she be a Queen? Now I perceive a man may weep for joy, I had thought they had lied that said so.

*Exit Lyg.* *Tigr.* Come my deare love. *Spa.* But you may see another may aker that again. *Tigr.* Urge it no more, I have made up a new strong constancy, not to be shook with eyes: I know I have the passions



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passion of a man, but if I meet with any subject that should hold my eyes more firmly then is fit, Ile think of the; and run away from it: let that suffice.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter Bacurins and his servant.*

*Bac.* Three Gentlemen without to speak with me? *Set.* Yes sir. *Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter Bessus with the two Swordmen.*

*Set.* They are entred sir alreadie. *Bac.* now fellows, your busines? are these the Gentlemen? *Bes.* My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen, my friends ath' sword along with me. *Bac.* I am afraid youle fight then. *Bes.* My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship is much mistaken, fear not Lord.

*Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't. *Bes.* I aske no more in honour, Gentlemen you hear my Lord is sorry. *Bac.* Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming; as surfites do the diet, spring and fall, now to your Sword-men, What come they for good Capitaine stock-fish? *Bes.* It seems your Lordship haz forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans? what shall these billets do, be pilld up in my wood-yard? *Bes.* Your Lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it: but for these Gentlemen, they come. *Bac.* To swear you are a coward, spare your book, I do believe it. *Bes.* Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands. I am no coward. *Bac.* That would be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, & take mony for this motion, travail with it, & where the name of *Bessus* has been known or a good coward stirring, 't will yeeld more then a tiking. This will prove more beneficiall to you, if you be thrifty, then your Captainship, and more naturall; Men of most valiant hands is this true? *2 Sword.* It is so most renowned. *Bac.* 'Tis some what strange. *1 Sword.* Lord, it is strang, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this mans head, the natur of the beatings; and we do find his honor is come off cleane and sufficient: this as our swords shall help us. *Bac.* You are much bound to your bill-bow men, I am glad you are straight again Captain; 'twere good you would think some way to gratifie them, they have under-gon a labour for.

## A King, and no King.

for you *Bessus*, would have puzzeld *Hercules* with all his valour.

2 *Sword*. Your Lordship must understand we are no men ath'-  
Law, that take pay for our of'ensions: it is sufficient we have cleer'd  
our friend. *Bac*. Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in  
conscience will discharge Captaine; ile pay this rent for you.

*Bes*. Spare your selte my good Lord; my brave friends aine, at  
no hing but the verime. *Bac*. That's but a cold discharge sir for  
the paines.

2 *Sword*. O Lord, my good Lord. *Bac*. Be not so mo-  
dest, I will give you something. *Bes*. They shall dine with your  
Lordship, that's sufficient. *Bac*. Something in hand the while, you  
rogues, you applesquires: do you come hither with your bottled  
valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Sword*. I do beseech your Lordship. 2 *Sword*. O good Lord. *Bac*. S'foot  
what a beary of beaten slaves are here? get me a cudgell sirra, and  
a tough one. 2 *Sword*. More of your foot, I do do beseech your  
Lordship. *Bac*. You shall, you shall dog, and your fellow-beagle.

1 *Sword*. A this side good my Lord. *Bac*. Off with your swords,  
for if you hurt my foot, ile have you flead you rascals. 1 *Sword*.  
Mine's off my Lord. 2 *Sword*. I beseech your Lordship stay a little  
my strap's tide to my cod-piece point: now when you please. *Bac*.

Captaine these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?  
*Bes*. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship. *Bac*. What's  
that in your pocket, hurts my toe you mungrell? thy buttockes  
cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

2 *Sword*. Here 'tis sir, a  
small piece of Artillery, that a gentleman a deag friend, of your  
Lordships sent me with; to get it mended sir for if you mark the no  
se is some what loof. *Bac*. A friend of mine you rascall, I was ne-  
ver wearier of doing nothing, then kicking these two foot-bales.

*Enter servant.*

*Sir*. Here is a good cudgell sir. *Bac*. It comes too late I'me  
weary, pray thee do thou beate them. 2 *Sword*. My Lord, this, is  
foule play i' faith, to put a fresh man upon us men are but men sir.

*Bac*. That jest shall save your bones; Captaine, rally up your rō-  
ten regiment, and be gon; I had rather thrash then be bound to  
kicke these rascals; till they cri'd ho; *Bessus* you may put your  
hand to them now, and then you are quit. Fareweil, as you like  
this, pray vit me again, 'twill keep me in good health. *Exit Bac*.

2 *Sword*. Haz a diveleish hard foot, I never felt the like. 1 *Sword*.

Nor

1 *Sword*. Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred, 2 *Sword*. If a kick thus i'th dog-daies, a will be dry foundred: what cure now Captain, beside oyle of baies? *Bef*. Why well enough I warrant you, you can go? 2 *Sword*. Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feele a shrowd ach, Iure haz sprang my huckle-bone. 1 *Sword*. I ha lost a hanch. *Bef*. A little butter, friend a little butter, butter and parseley and a soveraigne matter: *probatum est*. 2 *Sword*. Captain we must request your hand now to our honours. *Bef*. Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selver, and ther's an end. 1 *Sword*. Nay then we must be valiant; O my ribs. 2 *Sword*. O my small guts, a plague upon these sharp-toed shows; they are murderers. *Exeunt clear.*

*Enter Arbaces with his sword drawne.*

*Arb*. It is resolv'd, I bare it whilst I could, I can no more I must begin with murder of my friends, and so go on to that incestuous ravishing, and end my life and sins with a forbidden blow, upon my selfe.

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar*. What Tragedie is neer? that hand was never wont to draw a sword, but it cry'd dead to something. *Arb*. *Mardonius*, have you bid *Gobrias* come? *Mar*. How do you Sir? *Arb*. Well, is a coming? *Mar*. Why, Sir, are you thus? why does your hand proclaim a lawless war against your self? *Arb*. Thou answerst me one question with another, is *Gobrias* coming? *Mar*. Sir he is. *Arb*. 'Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, be gone. *Mar*. Sir, I have mark't. *Arb*. Mark lest, it troubles you and me. *Mar*. You are more variable then you were. *Arb*. It may be so. *Mar*. To-day no Hermit could be humbler then you were to us all. *Arb*. And what of this? *Mar*. And now you take new rage into your eyes, as you would look us all out of the Land. *Arb*. I do confesse it, will that satisfie? I prethee get thee gone. *Mar*. Sir, I will speak. *Arb*. Will ye? *Mar*. It is my duty. I fear you will kill your self: I am a subject, and you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause, and I may speak. *Arb*. Thou art not train'd in sin, it seems *Mardonius*: kill my self, by heaven I will not do it yet; and when I will, he tell thee then: I shall be such a creature, that thou wilt give me leave without a word. There is a method in mans wickedness, it grows up by degrees: I am not come so high as killing of my selfe, there

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are a hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, which I must doe, and shall come to't at last; but take my oath not now, be satisfied, and get thee hence. *Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill. *Arb.* Be sorry then; true sorrow is alone, grieve by thy selfe. *Mar.* I pray ye let me see your sword put up before I go: ile leave you then.

*Arb.* Why so? what folly is this in thee, is it not as apt to mischief as it was before? can I not reach it thinkst thou? these are toys for children to be pleas'd with, and not men, now I am safe you think: I would the booke of fate were here, my sword is not so sure: but I would get it out and mangle that that all the destinies should quit forget their first decrees, and ha't to make us new, for other fortunes, mine could not be worse, wilt thou now leave me? *Mar.* Heaven put into your bosome temperate thoughts, Ile leave you though I fear.

*Arb.* Go thou art honest, why should the hasty error of my youth be so ungracious to draw a sinne helpless upon me? *Enter Gobrias.* *Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe. *Arb.* Draw neer thou guilty man, that art the authour of the loath'dst crime five ages have brought forth, and heare me speak; curses more incurable, and all the evils mans body or his spirit can receive be with thee.

*Gob.* Why fir do you curse me thus? *Arb.* why do I curse thee? if there be a man subtil in curses, that exceeds the rest, his worst wish on thee, thou hast broke my heart. *Gob.* How fir have I preserv'd you from a child, from a ll the arrows, malice, or ambition could shoot at you, and have I this for my pay?

*Arb.* Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that wert crueller then hardned murderers of infants & their mothers? thou didst save me onely til thou hadst studied out a way how to destroy me cunningly thy self: this was a curious way of torturing. *Gob.* What do you meane? *Arb.* Thou knowst the evils thou hast done to me; dost thou remember all those witching letters thou sentst unto me to Armenia, fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister, wher thou extol'dst her beauty, what had I to doe with that? what could her beauty be to me and thou didst write how well she lov'd me, dost thou remember this? so that I doted something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true. *Arb.* Is it, and when I was return'd thou knowst thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me into such a strange and unbeliev'd affliction, as good men cannot think on. *Gob.* This I grant, I think I was the cause. *Arb.* Wert thou? Nay more, I think thou meantst it. *Gob.* Sir, I hate

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to lie, as I love heaven and honesty, I did, it was my meaning.

*Arb.* Behine own sad judg, a further condemnation will not need, prepare thy self to dy. *Gob.* Why sir to dy? *Arb.* Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender so impudent, that had a thought of mercy after confession of a crime like this? get out I cannot where thou hurst me in, but I can take reveng that's all the sweetnesse left for me *Gob.* Now is the time, hear me but speak,

*Arb.* No, yet I will be far more mercifull then thou wert to me; thou didst scale into me and never gav'st me warning: so much time as I give thee now, had prevented thee for ever. Notwithstanding all thy sinns, if thou hast hope; that there is yet a prayer to save thee, turne and speak it to thy selfe. *Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em, if you kill me. *Arb.* I will not stay then. *Gob.* Know you kill your Father. *Arb.* How? *Gob.* You kill your Father. *Arb.* My Father? though I know't for a lie, made out of feare to save thy staine life: the very reverance of the word comes cross me, and ties mine arme downe. *Gob.* I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy Father, I charge thee heare me, *Arb.* If it should be to, as 'tis most false, and that I should be found a bastard issue, the despised fruit of lawlesse lust, I should no more admire all my wild passions: but another truth shal be wrong from thee: if I could come by the spirit of pain, it should be powred on thee, Till thou allow'st thy self more full of sin then he that teaches thee.

*Enter Arate.*

*Ara.* Turn thee about, I come to speak to thee thou wicked man, hear me thou tyrant. *Arb.* I will turn to thee, hear me

thou Strumpet; I have blotted out the name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame. *Ara.* My shame, thou hast lesse shame then any

thing; why doest thou keep my daughter in a prison? why doest thou call her sister, and do this? *Ara.* Cease thy strange impudence, and answer quickly if thou contemnest me, this will aske

an answer, and have it. *Ara.* Help me gentle Gobrias. *Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt though they grow together in doing ill, yet at

the punishment they sever, and each flies the noise of other; think not of help, answer. *Ara.* I will, to what? *Arb.* To such a thing, as it be a truth; think what a creature thou hast made thy selfe, that didst not shame to do, what I must blush onely to aske

thee: tell me who I am, whose son I am without all circumstance

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be thou as hasty as my sword, will be if thou refusest. *Ara.* Why you are his son. *Arb.* His son? swear, sweares, thou worse then woman damn'd. *Ara.* By all that's good you are. *Arb.* Then art thou all that ever was known bad, now is the cause of all my strange mis-fortunes come to light: what reverence expectest thou from a child, to bring forth which thou hast offended heaven, thy husband, and the Land: adulterous witch, I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me, I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot: then wicked mother of my sins, and me, show me the way to the inheritance I have by thee: which is a spacious world of impious acts, that I may soon possess it: plagues rot thee, as thou livest, and such diseases, as use to pay lust, recompence thy deed. *Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus. *Arb.* Too

well; you are a paire of Vipers; and behold the serpent you have got; there is no beast but if he knew it, has a pettigree as brave as mine, for they have more descents, and I am every way as beastly got, as fare without the compasse of Law as they. *Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vaine, and raile upon a guesse; hear us a little. *Arb.* No, I will never heare, but talke away my breath, and die. *Gob.* Why, but you are no Bastard. *Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine. *Arb.* Still you go on in wonders to me. *Gob.* Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to you.

*Arb.* I will kneele, and hear with the obedience of a child good father speak, I do acknowledge you, so you bring comfort. *Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed father was old and feeble when he married her, and almost all the Land as the past hope of issue from him. *Arb.* Therefore she took leave to play the whore, because the King was old: is this the comfort? *Ara.* what will you find out to give me satisfaction, when you find how you have injur'd me? let her consume me, if ever I were a whore. *Gob.* Forbare these starts, or I will leave you wedded to despair, as you are now: if you can find a temper, my breath shall be a pleasant westerne wind, that cooles and blasts not. *Arb.* Bring it out good father. He lie, and listen here as reverently as to an Angell: if I breath too loud, tell me; for I would be as still as night. *Gob.* Our King I say, was old, and this our Queene desir'd to bring an heire, but yet her husband she thought was past it, and to be dishonest I think she would not: if she would have been, the truth is, she was watcht so narrowly, and had so slender opportunities, she hardly



hardly could have been : but yet her cunning found out this way ; she faine'd her self with child, and posts were sent in haſt through out the Land, and humble thanks was given in every Church, and prayers were made for her ſafe going and delivery : ſhe fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd this hope of iſſue made her fear'd, and brought a fare more large reſpect from every man and ſaw her power increaſe, and was reſolv'd, ſince ſhe believ'd, ſhe could not hav't indeed ; at leaſt ſhe would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Doe I not heare it well ; nay I will make no noiſe at all ; but pray you to the point, quickly as you can. *Gob.* Now when the time was full, ſhe ſhould be brought to bed I had a ſon borne, which was you, this the Queene hearing of mov'd me to let her have you ; and ſuch reaſons ſhe ſhewed me, as ſhe knew would rie my ſecrecie, ſhe ſwore you ſhould be King, and to be ſhort, I did deliver you unto her, and pretended you were dead, and in mine owne houſe kept a funerall, and had an empty coffin put in earth, that night this Queene fain'd haſtily to labour and by a paire of women of her owne, which ſhe had charm'd, ſhe made the world believe ſhe was delivered of you. You grew up as the Kings ſon, till you were ſix-year old ; then did the King die, & did leav to me Protection of the Realme ; and contrary to his own expectation, left this Queene truely with child indeed, of the fair Princeſſe *Pamhea* : then ſhe could have torne her haire and did alone to me, yet durſt not ſpeak in publike, for ſhe knew ſhe ſhould be found a traytor : and her tale would have been thought madneſſe, or any thing rather then truth. This was the onely cauſe why ſhe did ſeek to poyſon you, and I to keep you ſafe ; and this the reaſon, why I ſought to kindle ſome ſparkes of love in you to faire *Pamhea* ; that ſhe might get part of her right again. *Arb.* And have you made an end now ? is this all ? if not, I will be ſtill till I be aged, till all my haire be ſilver. *Gob.* This is all. *Arb.* And is it true ſay you too Madam ? *Ara.* Yes heaven knows it is moſt true. *Arb.* *Pamhea* then is not my ſiſter. *Gob.* No. *Arb.* But can you prove this ? *Gob.* If you will give conſent, elſe who dares go about it ? *Arb.* Give conſent ? why I will have 'em all that know it rack'd, to get this from 'em, all that waits without, com in, what ere you be, come in and be partakers of my joy, O you are welcome.

*Enter Beſſus Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other attendants.*

*Arb.* The beſt newes, nay draw no nearer, they all ſhall heare it,



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*I* am found no King. *Mar.* Is that so good newes? *Arb.* Yes the happie newes that ere was heard. *Mar.* Indeed 'twere well for you if you might be a little lesse obey'd. *Arb.* One call the Queene. *Mar.* Why she is there. *Arb.* The Queen *Mardonius*? *Panthea* is the Queen and I am plaine *Arbaces*; go some one, she is in *Gobrias* house, since I saw you there are a thousand things delivered to me, you little dreame of. *Exit a Gent.* *Mar.* So it should seem my Lord what fury's this?

*Gob.* Beleave me 'tis no fury, 'll that he saies is truth. *Mar.* 'Tis very strange. *Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off Gentlemen? is it to me? I swear it must not be; nay, trust me, in good faith it must not be; I cannot now command you but I pray you for the respect you bare me, when you took me for your King, each man clap on his hat at my desire.

*Mar.* We will, you are not found so mean a man, but that you may be cover'd as well as we may you not? *Arb.* O not here, you may, but not I, for here is my father in presence. *Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why there: O the whole story would be a wilderness to loose thy selfe for ever; O pardon me deare father for all the idle and unreverent words that I have spoke in idle moods to you: I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subjects, nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my sister. *Bes.* Why if you remember fellow-subject *Arbaces*; I told you once she was not your sister: I, and she lookt nothing like you. *Arb.* I think you did good Captain *Bessus*. *Bes.* Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no King.

*Enter Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir heres *Lygones*, the agent for the *Armenian* state: *Arb.* Where is he? I know your business good *Lygones*. *Lyg.* We must have our King againe, and will. *Arb.* I knew that was your business: you shall have your King again, and have him so againe as never King was had, go one of you & bid *Bacurins* bring *Tigranes* hither; and bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*. The Queene *Panthea* sent me word this morning, was brave *Tigranes* mistress. *Exit two Gent.* *Lyg.* 'Tis *Spaconia*. *Arb.* I, I, *Spaconia*. *Lyg.* She is my daughter. *Arb.* She is so, I could now tell any thing I never heard: your King shall go so home, as never man went.

*Mar.* shall he go on's head? *Arb.* He shall have chariots easier then ayre that I will have invented; and nere think one shall pay any rancome, and thy selfe that art the messenger, shall ritle before him

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him on a horse cut out of an indre Diamond, that shall be made to goe with golden wheelles, I know not how yet. *Lyg.* Why I shall be made for ever? they belid this King with us, and said he was unkind. *Arb.* And then thy daughter, she shall have some strange thing, we'll have the Kingdome sold utterly, and put into a toy which she shall weare about her carelesly some where or other. See the vertuous Queen; behold the humblest subject that you have kneele here before you.

*Enter Pambea and 1 Gent.*

*Pan.* Why kneele you to me that am your Vassaile? *Arb.* Grant me one request. *Pan.* Alas what can I grant you? what I can, I will. *Arb.* That you will please to marry me if I can prove it lawfull. *Pan.* Is that all? more willingly then I would draw this ayre. *Arb.* He kisse this hand in earnest. *2 Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is comming though he made it strange at first, to see the Princess any more

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Arb.* The Queen thou meanest, O my *Tigranes*, pardon me, tread on my neck, I freely offer it, & if thou beest so given take revenge, for I have injur'd thee. *Tigr.* No, I forgive, and rejoyce more that you have found repentance, then I my liberty. *Arb.* Mayest thou be happy in thy saile choise, for thou art temperate. You owe no ransom to the state, know that I have a thousand joyes to tell you of which yet I dare not utter till I pay my thanks to heaven for 'em: Will you go with me and help me? pray you do. *Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Take then your fair one with you, and your Queen of goodnesse and of us, O give me leave to take your arme in mine: come every one that takes delight in goodnesse, help to sing loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

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